The Outlook

Vol. 71 May 10, 1902 No. 2

CONTENTS

THE WEEK:

The President's Speeches 95
The Moro War 95
The Charges of Misconduct 96
The Folly of Subsidies 96
The Referendum in Massachusetts 97
The Sugar Trust Inquiry 98
The Beef Trust Prosecution 98
The Northern Securities Company 99
Child Labor in New Jersey 99
A Peaceful May-Day 100
Mayor Low's Budget 100
Railways in Russia and Some of their Economic Results 101
Press Censorship in Finland 102
The Chinese Tariff 102
The Society for the Propagation of the Faith 103
Endowing a Downtown Church 104
Mr. Horder's Lectures on Hymnody 104
A Proposed National Park 105

EDITORIALS:

Politics or Public Business? 105
The Kindergarten in America 107
Events in Italy 108
A Common Perplexity 110
Theological Tests 112
The Spectator 113

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:

The Moros and Their Country 115
By Stephen Bonsal
The Dread Before Great Joy (Poem) 119
By Robert Underwood Johnson
Sunny Days at the Exposition 120
By Lillian W. Betts
The Dragon's Teeth 124
By Agnes Repplier

BOOKS AND AUTHORS:

Dr. Conan Doyle on the Boer War 127
Readings from Recent Poetry—III 130
Books of the Week 131

NOTES AND QUERIES 139
CORRESPONDENCE 140

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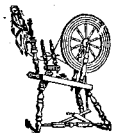

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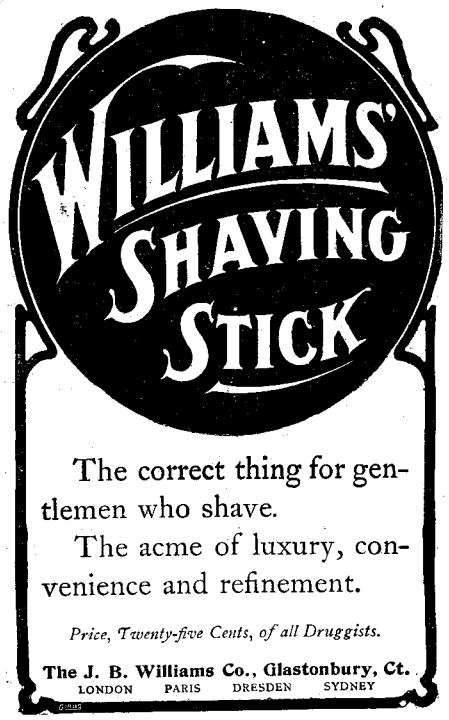

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The Outlook

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The President's Speeches

President Roosevelt made an admirable speech to the graduating class at the Annapolis Military Academy last week. He struck with characteristic clearness the keynote of duty in public service, and interpreted the profession of the soldier from the ethical standpoint. His words were supplemented in spirit and quality by Dr. Winston, of the Agricultural and Mechanical College at Raleigh, N. C. The teaching of both speeches to the young men was that war is a terrible thing, and if it must be waged it ought always to be carried on by men of the highest character for the highest purposes. The President was less fortunate in his speech at the dinner of the Sons of the American Revolution in Washington, where he spoke apparently with less preparation and his expression was in consequence less guarded. The burdens of the Presidency are heavy, and among them that of public speech must be counted one of the severest. The President can never forget that he is the executive head of a great nation, and that what he says is interpreted, not as an expression of individual conviction, but as, in a certain sense, a foreshadowing of National policy. The Outlook quotes in another column a sentence from the President's speech which was characteristically definite and straightforward, and which showed his sense of reality in dealing with the present situation. Nothing could be better than this statement:

> May we now show our fealty to the great men who did the great deeds of the past, not alone by word, but by deed. May we prove ourselves true to them, not merely by paying homage to their memory, but by so shaping the policy of this great republic as to make it evident that we are not unworthy of our sires. They did justice and we will do justice. They did justice as strong men, not as weaklings; and we will show ourselves strong men and not weaklings.

It was, however, in the judgment of The Outlook, a mistake for the President to declare that "the Republic has put its flag in those islands and the flag will stay there," referring to the Philippines. This is very like the language of a good many politicians, but it must be regarded as a misstatement of the President's position. It does not harmonize with his deliberate utterance in his Message to Congress; nor does it harmonize with the spirit of our institutions. The ultimate policy of the United States must be formulated by Congress, not by the President. Whether the flag is always to remain in the Philippines is, in the judgment of The Outlook, a matter which cannot now be determined. It certainly cannot remain there if its presence is not ultimately acceptable to the Filipinos.

❀

The Moro War

The hopes that the Mohammedan chiefs in Mindanao would sue for peace have proved vain. On the other hand, our military forces under the direct command of Colonel Baldwin and under the general command of General Davis, who is now in charge of all of the American troops in the island, have scored a decided success. This consists in the capture by assault of a fort occupied by the Moros at or near Bayan. This fort seems to have been the chief place of strength in the locality, and its fall was accompanied by that of two or three smaller fortifications. The assault on the fort is described by General Davis as one of the most gallant performances of American forces in the Philippines. The Moro loss was severe, and our own forces had one officer and seven men killed, four officers and thirty-seven men wounded. Several Moro chiefs, including the Sultan of Bayan, were killed and others

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have surrendered. The despatches state that some of the Moro wounded tried to stab American soldiers who were succoring them. General Chaffee recommends that ten of the principal captives (only eighty-four Moros survived the attack) be retained as hostages and others released. The American force under Colonel Baldwin who were in action numbered four hundred and seventy men and had four mountain guns. General Chaffee also explains that a direct assault on this principal fort was much preferable to a siege because of its moral effect. He adds: "The result to follow this action is very important; namely, it secures respect for United States authority in the center of Moro savagery."

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The Investigations of Charges of Misconduct

The court martial of General Jacob H. Smith, at Manila, closed on Saturday last, but the findings of the court have not been made public. Press despatches state that the general impression in Manila is that General Smith will be acquitted on the ground that his orders for devastating Samar and for killing all over the age of ten (orders which General Smith admits that he gave) were justified as acts of retaliation for the massacre at Balangigas and other atrocities committed on American soldiers by Filipinos. It is claimed that General Order No. 100 will justify his action from a military point of view. The closing address of General Smith's counsel, Colonel Woodruff, was an eloquent plea based chiefly, so far as the despatches show, on General Smith's brilliant military career, "his magnificent services for America's honor and glory," and his general reputation for humanity and kindness. Colonel Woodruff claimed that under the circumstances the only possible way of ending the campaign in Samar was to make it a wilderness; he compared that campaign with Sherman's march to the sea; and, as to the direction to kill boys over ten years of age, he said that many native boys of eight years were capable of wielding bolos, and that the order was never intended to call for the killing of women or helpless children. The findings of the court martial will be sent to Washington. With regard to the investigation ordered some time ago about the charges made by Major Gardener when he was Governor of the province of Tayabas, General Chaffee reports by cable to the effect that Major Gardener has offered only one witness; that he seems disinclined to make his charges specific; that he has given only one name of an army officer to be charged with misconduct, and that he claims that the conduct of his case is in unfriendly hands. The Secretary of War has instructed General Chaffee to afford Major Gardener every opportunity; to see that he has satisfactory counsel; and to insist that the board of investigation shall take special care not to allow the proceedings to assume a character giving the least color to a claim that there is an attack on Major Gardener, or to allow it to be diverted from a full and fair investigation of the truth of his charges. Meanwhile, testimony continues to be taken before the Senate Committee on the Philippines regarding charges of cruelty. Last week L. E. Hallock, formerly a sergeant in the volunteer forces, testified that he had witnessed the infliction of the water-cure on a dozen or more natives, the object being to extract information from them about the murder of an American private soldier who had been tortured and killed by insurgents. The water-cure was inflicted in some cases more than once. Some of the men upon whom it was inflicted were afterward killed while trying to escape. The same witness testified that it was common report that the water-cure was frequently administered to secure information from natives, and that he had been present when a village of three or four thousand people had been burned without giving time to the inhabitants to remove their furniture.

❀

The Folly of Subsidies

The May issue of the "Canadian Magazine" contains an article by Mr. W. D. Gregory upon the "Folly of Railway Subsidies," which shows that Canada, intelligent and well governed as she is, has suffered acutely from her attempt to give special favors to special industries instead of treating all alike. In Canada it is the railway industry that has been the favorite of the Government, and the subsidies accorded it now aggregate nearly two hundred dollars for every family in

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the Dominion. At the end of last June the different grants footed up as follows:

Dominion Government	$174,500,000
Provincial governments	35,400,000
Municipalities	18,600,000
Total	$228,500,000

Even this enormous aggregate of public money paid to an industry largely in the hands of the richer people does not include the value of the grants of public lands on the line of the roads and the exemption of railroad property from taxation. The Dominion Government gives $3,200 a mile to the most cheaply constructed railways, and when the road costs over $15,000 a mile the Dominion grants an additional subsidy of fifty per cent. of the excess of the cost over that figure until the total Dominion subsidy reaches $6,400 a mile. The subsidies given by the different provinces differ. In Ontario the usual subsidy is $3,000 a mile. In Quebec subsidies seem to be given on a yet more lavish scale, for Mr. Gregory cites the instance of a firm of Quebec railroad-builders who recently, "after receiving a subsidy from the Dominion and Quebec Governments on a road constructed in Quebec, took up the rails and ties and with them constructed another railroad upon which they also received a subsidy." All of these grants were excused on the ground that the subsidized railroad would bring new settlers into the districts traversed and thus indirectly promote the interest of the farmers and merchants and mechanics taxed to pay the subsidies. Mr. Gregory points out that in the American States which stopped giving subsidies to railroads a generation ago settlement has increased much faster than in the Canadian provinces. It is, of course, true that the subsidized railroads do in a measure make easier the settlement of the country traversed. But the railroads do not bring settlers any more surely than settlers bring railroads, and it is as unjust to tax the settlers for the benefit of the railroads as it would be to tax the railroads for the benefit of the settlers. Mr. Gregory declares that the high rate of taxation made necessary by the railway subsidies is one of the chief reasons why settlers have kept out of the Canadian provinces. Most of the subsidized roads are in such sparsely settled districts and receive such scant traffic that they are compelled to charge high rates and even then get but a small return upon their capitalization. The subsidies have not, says Mr. Gregory, resulted in reducing railway rates. The roads have always issued all the bonds and stocks for which they could find a market, and naturally the larger the subsidy the larger the amount of securities they have been able to issue. The net result of the policy is that the public has received practically nothing in return for the three hundred million dollars it has given out of the public treasury to the railway promoters, and even the promoters have gained but a small part of what the public has lost.

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The Referendum Impeded in Massachusetts

The House of Representatives in Massachusetts has rejected the resolution providing for the submission of constitutional amendments upon the petition of fifty thousand voters. The vote rejecting the resolution, however, was in a sense a victory for it, as a hundred and eleven members supported the measure, while but sixty-four opposed, and the resolution was defeated only because a two-thirds majority was required for its passage. Opposition to the resolution was based mainly upon the ground that its passage would mean the abolition of representative government—the taking away of the powers of the Legislature. To this the supporters of the measure replied that the legislature in a democracy is entitled to govern only in so far as it represents the will of the people, and that to deny the people the right to express their will is to make them the subjects and their untrue representatives the sovereigns. Certainly in Massachusetts, above all other States, it ought to be recognized that the people have a right to govern directly, for in Massachusetts nearly all town questions are referred directly to the whole body of voters without even the mediation of representatives. The other argument used against the referendum was that it would "keep the State in a ferment." This is precisely the argument that in the past was used against democracy itself, and against popular institutions before democracy was formally recognized. It is pre-

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cisely because democracy does keep the whole body of the people alert to the public interests that it has exerted such vast influence in the education and elevation of the countries in which it has been established. The fact that the referendum would cause the people to give still greater attention to the measures by which they are governed is the strongest argument in its favor. When public measures are discussed by the whole public, not only is the general welfare certain to be sought, but the struggle to secure it gives life and health to the whole body politic.

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The Sugar Trust Inquiry

Action by the Senate on the Cuban Reciprocity Bill has been delayed by the adoption of Senator Teller's resolution directing an inquiry into the extent to which Cuban sugar is owned or controlled by the American Sugar Refining Company. The first person examined by the committee appointed to take the testimony was President Havemeyer, who proved, as usual, an exceptionally fearless and interesting witness. The Sugar Trust, he said, had purchased this year, up to April 30, only 93,000 tons of Cuban sugar, or little more than half as much as it usually purchased during the first four months of the year, and had already imported a large part of what it had bought. The Cuban planters, he said, had this year held back a part of their product from the market in the hope of advancing prices. His company, he continued, owned no Cuban sugar lands, and had advanced no money to Cuban sugar planters or dealers. When asked whether he, as an individual, owned any Cuban sugar lands, he questioned the right of the committee to inquire into his individual holdings, but proceeded to state that he did own an interest in several plantations, the first of which was purchased years ago and was turned into a waste by the Cuban insurrection. Just what relative importance these holdings have, as compared with the sugar lands owned by native Cubans, was not brought out during the first day's testimony. Before leaving the stand, however, President Havemeyer answered still more frankly an inquiry still more interesting to the American public. Was it true, he was asked, that his company made an exceptionally low price for sugar last summer in the Missouri Valley, where the beet-sugar refineries were trying to establish themselves? Mr. Havemeyer replied that it was true. His company, he said, had reduced the price of sugar in the Missouri Valley from $4.10 a hundred pounds to $3.50, and kept it there "until we recovered our trade." This action he justified on the ground that the beet-sugar makers had sought to control the market by contracts ahead, which he considered "in restraint of trade." This justification will not, of course, satisfy the American people. They will accept President Havemeyer's statement that his company, as such, owns hardly more than 50,000 tons of Cuban sugar, and will attach little importance to the Trust's gains from the proposed reduction of duty amounting to $7 a ton. But they will not admit the rightfulness of a reduction of prices in a particular territory where competitors are struggling to get a foothold. The scientific investigators of trust problems, who are most opposed to the wholesale condemnation of industrial monopolies, are practically agreed that no combination should be permitted to lower prices in one district while maintaining them at a relatively higher level in others. If this practice is permitted, competition can be strangled, wherever it starts, out of the profits from extortion in the territory where monopoly is still absolute.

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The Beef Trust Prosecution

Whatever the outcome of Attorney-General Knox's proceedings against the combination of the packing-houses—and these are being pushed with vigor—the present crisis has occasioned an executive order which promises to remedy one of the greatest abuses in the meat industry of this country. For years, as is widely known, grazing on the public lands in the Far West has been practically in the hands of great cattle companies employing large forces of cowboys. These companies, Secretary Hitchcock has found, have illegally fenced in large areas, claiming that it was necessary for the protection of their herds. This claim is of course disputed by the small herdsmen and settlers, who are "fenced out" by the illegal wires,

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and the Administration has taken the ground that the rights of the settlers are to be protected, and the law against the fencing in of the public domain to be enforced immediately and absolutely. The President has issued an order to this effect, and the power of the military is at the disposal of the Interior Department in executing this order. It is not true, as claimed, that this order will have the effect of reducing the price of meat, except in so far as small farmers in the long run raise more live stock per acre than the companies which depend on the mere grazing of their herds, but the order indicates the determination of the Administration to take away the unfair and illegal means by which the great companies have established their power. If grazing is permitted in the public domain, it must be on terms which are as open to the smallest herdsman as to the largest cattle company, and a just fee for the privilege should be paid into the public treasury. The legal proceedings against the Beef Trust have not yet resulted in any reduction in the price of dressed beef, but the spontaneous action of innumerable housekeepers in finding substitutes for beef has greatly reduced the demand therefor, and the price of cattle has also fallen.

❀

The Northern Securities Company

The decision of the United States Supreme Court to grant leave to the State of Washington to file an original bill in that Court enjoining the Northern Securities Company and its constituent companies—the Great Northern and Northern Pacific—increases to four the suits against the Northern Securities Company. The other three are the action begun by the Attorney-General of the United States against the Company for alleged violation of the Anti-Trust Law, the action begun by the State of Minnesota in the Ramsey County District Court of that State, and the Peter Power suit in New York State. The suit begun by the State of Washington had already been foreshadowed by an application from the State of Minnesota for leave to file a similar bill for an injunction, but the petition to file was denied by the Supreme Court because indispensable parties to the case could not be brought to the Court. This objection does not confront the Court in the present case, as these parties are not corporate citizens of the State of Washington, and hence leave to file could be granted and subpœnas issued returnable on the first day of the next term of the Court in October. Among objections to granting leave, it was urged that the Supreme Court has no jurisdiction in the subject-matter because the bill does not present the case of a controversy of a civil nature justifiable under the Constitution and laws of the United States, in that the suit does not involve rights of a proprietary or contractual nature, but is purely a suit for the enforcement of the local law and policy of a sovereign and independent State whose right to make laws and to enforce them exists only within itself, by means of its own existence, and is limited to its own territory. The Court decided otherwise. Chief Justice Fuller's opinion consisted entirely of a review of the original cases of the same character which have been brought to the attention of the Supreme Court, the two most important thus cited being those of the State of Minnesota *vs.* the Northern Securities Company, already mentioned, and of the State of Louisiana *vs.* the State of Texas concerning the quarantine regulations of the latter State. The Chief Justice declared that the precedent of the Texas-Louisiana case should be followed in the present instance; that is, without intimating any opinion whatever on the question suggested to grant leave to file in accordance with the general rule.

❀

Child Labor in New Jersey

Just as the last great street railway strike in New York called public attention to the systematic violation of the ten-hour law, so a strike among glass-workers in New Jersey has just been the means of calling public attention in that State to the systematic violation of its law against child labor. The law on the New Jersey statute-books permits the employment in factories of children who are but twelve years of age, or two years under the Massachusetts minimum, but even this low standard is not maintained. At a meeting of the Consumers' League of New Jersey, held in Whittier House, Jersey City, last week, President Hayes, of the Bottle-Blowers' Union, showed photo-

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graphs of children of six or seven working in the glass-factories. The employment of these children, President Hayes pointed out, was hardly defensible even on the ground of economy to the employers, for the work of the children—the carrying of bottles from one place to another—could be quickly performed by inexpensive asbestos chutes. The ability to secure the ill-paid labor of the little children—at the expense of their future productive powers as well as their childhood rights—keeps some New Jersey manufacturers from introducing improved machinery, just as in Continental Europe the ability to secure cheap and inefficient adult labor keeps manufacturers from introducing the improvements forced upon their English and American competitors by the very dearness of the capable laborers employed. The situation in the glass trade in New Jersey has led Governor Murphy to rebuke the factory inspection department for its failure to enforce the labor laws, and the Governor's attitude is being warmly supported not only by the Consumers' League of the State and the labor organizations, but also by manufacturers who themselves conform with the moderate requirements of the statute.

❀

A Peaceful May-Day

The first of May was signalized as usual by a large number of strikes—for it has come to be the chosen day for organized labor to put in force its new demands—but this year singularly few bitter contests seem to have been inaugurated. If we except the twenty thousand weavers employed by the American Woolen Company, most of the strikers seem to have been met by their employers in a conciliatory spirit which promises a speedy settlement of difficulties, and an extraordinary number have secured immediate concessions of considerable importance. Especially in the building trades have the strikes been successful, the great activity in these trades, supplemented by the compactness of the union of the several organizations, giving the workmen an unusually strong position. Fifteen years ago there was yearly talk of a National strike for an eight-hour day in the building trades. This National strike never materialized, chiefly because the workmen themselves realized that conditions differed too much in different cities for simultaneous united action. But gradually the eight-hour day has been extended from one trade to another in the great cities, and from the greater cities to the smaller, until now it has become so general in the city building trades that a National strike to obtain it is as needless as it once was hopeless. The eight-hour day may be a long time in extending to the building trades in the rural districts, but in these districts it is less needed, as the workmen work under less pressure and live near their work. Among the anthracite coal miners the demand for an eight-hour day and other concessions seems to have been definitely rejected, but the spirit manifested both by the union and the leading employers in discussing the situation with the "Arbitration Committee" of the Civic Federation still makes possible the continuation of the industrial peace which both sides desire. That the principle of conciliation is making headway among labor organizations as well as among employers is evidenced by the comments of one of the organizers of the American Federation of Labor, Mr. Herman Robinson, upon the May Day situation. In an interview published in the New York "Evening Post" Mr. Robinson said:

> The principle of conciliation has won the day for the workingman. In other years workmen made demands one day, gave the employer twelve hours in which to make up his mind, and as a general rule the strike occurred on the day following. Now the custom is to give an employer three or six months' notice of an intended demand for a rise in the wage scale or a shortening of the working day. This permits an employer to adjust his affairs to meet the new conditions, to consider the demands of the men at greater length.

The old method seemed the sharper strategy, but experience proved that the gains wrested from employers by surprise were usually soon lost, and fruitless friction was the only net result. The present method of giving due notice and talking over the situation is an evidence not only of better feeling but also of better sense.

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Mayor Low's Budget

Mayor Low's budget estimates the public expenditures of New York City for this year at $98,600,000. The principal items, in round millions, are as follows: Interest

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on city debt and sinking fund payments, twenty-three millions; education, nineteen; police, eleven; street-cleaning and fire service, five each; and charities, including hospitals, five more. The aggregate is about six hundred thousand dollars more than the tentative budget prepared by Mayor Van Wyck, but the slight increase is accounted for by neglected items and arrearages hanging over from last year. Appropriations for an efficient fire service and for hospitals and other charities were largely increased—this increase being made possible without a greater increase in the budget by reason of the fact that something like half a million dollars was saved through the reduction of salaries. Some reformers, it is true, expected a large reduction from Tammany expenditures, but the leaders of the reform movement have long since learned that good government means better public service rather than cheaper public service. The more alert the citizenship of a place and the greater their confidence in their city officials, the larger is the work which the municipality is required to perform for its members.

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Railway Construction in Russia

A report of the Comptroller of the Treasury, which was lately made public by the Russian Ministry of Finance, gives some interesting statistical information with regard to the increase in the debt of the Empire during the past twelve years, and the relation that it bears to the rapid development of the Russian railway system. At the beginning of the year 1899 the public debt of Russia (not including outstanding paper money) was $2,211,800,000. At the end of 1901 it had risen to $3,096,700,000—an increase in twelve years of nearly $885,000,000. The average annual increase amounted, in round numbers, to $74,000,000, and was divided between expenses for railway construction and general expenses of government as follows: Railway construction, average annual increase, $60,500,000; Government expenses, $13,500,000. From these figures it appears that, for a period of twelve years, Russia has been spending for railway construction nearly five times as much as for all other objects taken together. She has built, in that time, 20,000 miles of new road, or about as much as in the whole preceding half-century. The "Russian Gazette" of Moscow estimates that the total sum spent since 1889 for railways (including loans floated or guaranteed by the Government) is, approximately, $1,250,000,000, and it asks whether the time has not come to stop and consider the results of this colossal expenditure.

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Economic Results

It might reasonably be supposed that the expenditure, in a little more than a decade, of $1,250,000,000 for material and labor would have put money in the pockets of the people, and would have raised to some extent the level of their economic condition; but, as the "Gazette" points out, the financial status of the peasants, as shown by their purchases of tea, sugar, and cotton goods, has improved very little. During this active period of railway construction—1892 to 1902—the annual consumption of tea, sugar, and cotton goods in Russia increased per head of population as follows:

	1892. lbs.	1901. lbs.
Tea (annual consumption per capita)	0.73	0.94
Sugar " " "	8.2	11.2
Cotton goods " " "	3.5	4.32

A population cannot be regarded as prosperous, or even fairly well-to-do, when it consumes per capita only one-twenty-fifth of an ounce (about one-third of a teaspoonful) of tea and two-fifths of an ounce (about a teaspoonful and a half) of sugar per day. But there are other indications that the railroads, and the vast sums of money spent in their construction, have not materially benefited, as yet, the laboring population. The commission appointed in 1899 by the Ministry of Finance to ascertain the reasons for the progessive impoverishment of the people in the so-called "black-earth" provinces—the most fertile part of the Empire—has recently made a preliminary report in which it says that in European Russia as a whole the people are now sowing 35 per cent. less grain per capita than in 1865, and that in the "black-earth" provinces the decrease amounts to 44 per cent. The arrears of taxes in these same provinces, which in the period from 1871 to 1875 were only 10 per cent. per annum, rose in 1898 to

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42 per cent. per annum; while the annual production of grain and potatoes fell off 33 per cent. These facts indicate, the commission says, that a majority of the people in this "granary of Russia" are suffering from chronic hunger—or at least from inadequate nutrition. In view of these facts, the "Russian Gazette" pertinently inquires whether it would not be well to suspend railway-building for a while and devote some attention to the economic condition of the people, upon whose welfare the usefulness and prosperity of the railroads must ultimately depend. The Government itself seems to have awakened at last to the importance of this question, and on the 7th of March a special commission was appointed, under the presidency of V. I. Kovalefski, Associate Minister of Finance, "to take into consideration the needs of the agricultural population."

❀

Press Censorship in Finland

The measures that are being taken by Governor-General Bobrikoff to silence the independent newspaper press of Finland become day by day more and more rigorous and merciless. In 1899, when the Russification campaign in that unfortunate country began, there were in existence about two hundred Finnish periodicals, ninety of which dealt, to a greater or less extent, with social and political questions. Up to the 1st of October last, twenty-one out of the ninety political journals had been suppressed altogether, and forty-two of the others had been suspended for periods of from two weeks to three months. The Russian review "Russkoe Bogatstvo," in its January number, publishes the following list of Finnish papers suppressed or suspended since October:

Suppressed: "Iyranko," for an article entitled "Freedom of Conscience," in No. 139; "Kokkola," for an editorial entitled "The Way to the Truth," in No. 100; "Tornic," for a novelette called "Aslak."

Suspended: "Pohjots-Karjala," five months, for an article entitled "The People and the Fatherland," in No. 65; "Unden Kaupungin Sanomat," four months, for the articles entitled respectively "I Haste to the East," in No. 126, "Contemporary Life," in No. 130, and "The Importance of Small Nations," in No. 138; "Finsk Tibscrift," three months, for M. Merne's article entitled "A Few Thoughts," and "Ostra Nyland," one month, for reprinting the same article; "Mikkeli," one month, for a poem entitled "The Struggle for Light;" "Osterbotniska," one month, for an article entitled "Concerning Humanity," in No. 47. "Suubohjan Kaiku" has been warned for publishing an editorial entitled "It is Not in Vain, Although it May Seem So."

These additions raise the number of Finnish newspapers suppressed or suspended to seventy-three, leaving unpunished only seventeen out of the original ninety. The Russian Government may hope to crush by such means the spirit and the aspirations of an enlightened and liberty-loving people; but will it succeed?

❀

The Chinese Tariff

Mr. Conger, American Minister to China, has put himself on record as opposing the tariff proposal made to China by Sir James Mackay, the British Commissioner in that country, to allow an advance of the present rate of five per cent. ad valorem to fifteen per cent. on all imports, provided that the likin duty be abolished. The likin is an internal revenue duty levied by each province on its own account. Mr. Conger proposes, on the other hand, that the duties be retained, that the likin be left to the discretion of the Imperial Government, and that the present transit or pass duty of two and a half per cent. be increased, provided that China shall in return abolish the export dues to the same amount. The reason for the American counter-proposal, which will probably also have the support of the Japanese, is that, no matter whether the Imperial Government agrees to abolish the likin or not, it has insufficient power at present to prevent the provincial viceroys and governors from exacting it. The fact should not be overlooked that in its commercial dealings with China Great Britain is hardly on the same footing as are America and Japan. Great Britain's main interests are in the Yangtse Valley and in southern China, whereas the main interests of America and Japan are in northern China. This was very clearly shown recently in Consul-General Goodnow's report from Shanghai, containing a table of total imports of American cotton goods into that treaty port for the last eight years, showing not only the enormous increase of those shipments, but also indicating the amounts of the re-exports to Chifu, Tien-

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tsin, and Niuchang, the three principal commercial towns respectively of the provinces of Shantung, Chili, and Manchuria, and the amounts, only one-eighth as large, to four of the Yangtse River ports—namely, Chinkiang, Wuhu, Kiukiang, and Hankau. In the northern provinces the likin exactions have not been so heavy as in the Yangtse Valley and in the south. If the Chinese import duties were increased threefold in the north, our interests would be unnecessarily imperiled.

❀

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith

With the imprimatur of Cardinal Gibbons the Roman Catholic Society for the Propagation of the Faith has just issued an interesting survey in English of its history. In 1815 Bishop Dubourg, of New Orleans, stopped in Lyons, France, on his return from Rome, where he had been consecrated, and, anxious because of the poverty of an American diocese in which he had everything to organize, recommended it to the charity of the well-to-do citizens of Lyons. The next year the directors of the Paris Seminary of Foreign Missions sought to revive the so-called Union of Prayer, founded in the preceding century in France, for the conversion of infidels—a union disbanded by the French Revolution. This attempt also awakened the missionary sympathy of the Lyons people, which had already been evoked by Bishop Dubourg. The result was the foundation at Lyons of a Society the members of which pledged themselves to contribute a sou (a cent) a week toward the support of foreign missions. The membership soon rose to a thousand. From the start the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, founded to assist the apostolate throughout the world, received encouragement from the Roman Catholic prelates of all countries, and in 1840 Pope Gregory XVI. recommended it to the patronage of Roman Catholics everywhere. In its first year, 1822, the Society had collected from all sources a little more than four thousand dollars; the increase of receipts since then can best be shown by saying that in this country alone the Society has spent nearly six million dollars in missionary work, while throughout the world it has distributed a total of nearly sixty-six million dollars.

❀

The Congregation for the Propaganda of the Faith

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith should by no means be confounded with the Roman Congregation for the Propaganda of the Faith, a department of the general administration of the Roman Catholic Church at Rome. The Propaganda was established exactly two hundred years before the founding of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. The Roman Propaganda sends out missionaries, either directly or indirectly, establishes dioceses, vicariates, and prefectures apostolic, the latter two being in countries or parts of countries in which an episcopal see has not yet been organized. The revenues of the Propaganda, however, hardly suffice to support its schools, university, printing establishment, and personnel. Roman Catholic missionaries, therefore, are often supported by charitable institutions founded for this purpose, and of these the principal is the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. The trustees of the American branch are Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishops Corrigan, Ryan, Elder, and Ireland. The two central councils are in Lyons and in Paris. The duties of the councils are to centralize the offerings and to distribute them among the different missions; the division of funds being made by common consent of the two councils. The list of missions now assisted numbers several hundred; those in the United States being chiefly among the Indians, and Asia having the greater number. The missionaries include fifteen thousand priests, monks, and friars, five thousand preaching brothers, and forty-five thousand nuns laboring as missionaries, not to speak of the priests, brothers, and sisters native to the regions where they work, catechists and others who make up the personnel of a mission, and the laborers among the Oriental Rites. In the Missal of the Mass for the Propagation of the Faith we find this prayer, in which all Protestants might devoutly join:

> O God, who wouldst have all men to be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth, send forth, we beseech thee, laborers into thy harvest, and grant them with all boldness to preach the Word; that thy Gospel may

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everywhere be heard and glorified, and that all nations may know thee the one true God, and Him whom thou hast sent, Jesus Christ, thy Son our Lord. Amen.

❀

Endowing a Downtown Church

Against the tide in our larger cities which is carrying churches out from the congested districts into the neighborhood of the homes of the wealthy, the Church of the Ascension, New York, has courageously set its strength. In connection with the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of this church last week effort was made to insure that an endowment fund of $250,000 should be raised for the purpose of making its present location permanent. The church has been successively in Nassau Street, Howard Street, Canal Street, Ninth Street, and its present site, each place being in turn a residential section of the city. In determining now to stop its former policy of moving uptown, the Church of the Ascension has added itself to the number of churches which are making their aim not self-cultivation but service of the community. The action of this church is of National importance, because it calls attention to two facts which must be recognized if the Christian Church is to perform its function in our great cities. In the first place, it points to the fact that the sections of a large city which are being abandoned by the churches are not losing their population, but are simply changing in character. Instead of a comparatively stable population, there has come to be in such regions a shifting, changing population, often larger in actual numbers than the old. The newcomers are not attached to their homes as the former dwellers were, and consequently are not so closely attached to the church; but they are not on that account less religious or less in need of the service that the church can give them. This leads to the second fact that is emphasized by the action of the Church of the Ascension, namely, that no church in such a section can do its work without an endowment. By the very nature of the circumstances which give importance to its work, it is deprived of the steady and reliable support which permanent householders can give. A great church in a crowded part of a big city requires an endowment as truly as does a university. The things of the spirit, like the things of the mind, are subject to the limitations of the material world, but they ought not to be held at a price.

❀

Mr. Horder's Lectures on Hymnody

The lectures on "The Evolution of Hymnody" given last week at Union Theological Seminary by the English hymnologist, the Rev. W. Garrett Horder, are to be repeated during this month at various places, and deserve the attention of all who are interested in the enrichment of public worship. The thesis which Mr. Horder illustrates and enforces by a historical and critical treatment of his subject is that books of sacred lyrics should not be inferior in literary and poetic merit to books of secular lyrics, although this is commonly the case. "Hymns that are too poetic cannot be printed," says Mr. Horder; and again: "Pious moderation has been the curse of hymnody." The rhymed prose that burdens our hymnals must be weeded out, and nothing admitted to them that lacks poetic merit. Mr. Horder credits American poets with a large share in the modernization of hymnody, whose golden age he considers to have opened with Keble, but finds them better appreciated abroad than at home. His own hymn-book, published in London, contains a larger proportion of American hymns than the hymn-books published here. The efflorescence of true hymnody he has found most observable in writers who have shaken off the burden of Calvinism but retained the Christian spirit. "Your Harvard," he says, "has been a nest of singing birds, like our English Cambridge." As the first great American hymn he names the Rev. John Pierpont's stanzas beginning—

O thou to whom in ancient time
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung.

The laurel wreath he assigns to Whittier: "There is none whose verse is so religiously helpful." Two friendly criticisms are made by Mr. Horder. He wonders that with so much good hymn-writing there is so little good tune-writing by Americans, too content, he thinks, to borrow the best from England. There is also an excessive abbreviation of hymns by editors. Better, he thinks, to dock

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the average sermon than a good hymn. Mr. Horder's lectures, it should be added, abound in interesting personal allusion and quotation. The seminaries in New York and Hartford, whose invitation has brought him hither, have given a needed stimulus to an important interest of all churches.

❀

A Proposed National Park

An association composed almost equally of Union and Confederate veterans was formed in 1898 to establish a National Park in Virginia on territory including the four battlefields of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, and Spottsylvania—the scene of the final encounter between Grant and Lee. The project has been approved by the Secretary of War and organizations of the veterans of both armies. The land can be obtained under condemnation proceedings, in accordance with Virginia law, private speculation being thus eliminated. A bill providing for this park has already passed the Senate of the United States and has been favorably reported by the Committee on Military Affairs of the House of Representatives; its success now apparently depends upon the Speaker of the House, who has heretofore exercised his authority to prevent action upon it. Many reasons are given for the distinctive value of this park: the battles fought there were the result, not of unexpected circumstances, as was the battle of Gettysburg, but of strategic foresight and military planning; the armies engaged were not local but National in character; the territory is in the State in which both the opening and closing battles of the Civil War were fought; the historic interest of the place is not confined to the events of the Civil War, but includes associations with the colonies, the War for Independence, the lives of Virginian statesmen; the site is accessible to both North and South; and, not least, the cost of securing and maintaining the park would be comparatively small. Concerning the value claimed for the park as a place for instruction in military maneuvers and for mobilization in time of war we do not venture to express judgment. There can be no doubt, however, in view of the plans to save this historic place from despoliation by lumbermen and to develop it artistically, that this park would be a worthy expression of historic reverence and love of beauty.

❀

Politics or Public Business?

There are indications that a group of men in Congress are bent upon sacrificing public interest to political ends, and are planning to accumulate political material for the fall elections rather than to settle problems which are of vital concern to the country and other countries as well. The bill for the reorganization of the army, a matter of prime importance, entirely non-partisan in character, which ought to have received prompt and thorough attention, has apparently been dismissed as outside the field of possible action during the present session. The settlement of the Isthmian Canal is apparently as far off as ever, although it is of vital concern that a waterway uniting the two oceans should be opened to American commerce at the earliest possible date. The relations of the country with Cuba, which touch to the quick the National honor, because they involve the National good faith, and which are of vital concern to the Cubans, remain undecided, although every week of postponement means disaster to Cuban interests, which we have undertaken to safeguard. All these and many other matters of first importance are in danger of being pushed into the background, largely, it is to be feared, because a certain element in Congress has more interest in the embarrassment of the Administration than in serving the ends of justice or advancing the interests of the country; because a group of men in both parties are more eager to secure points of advantage for the coming elections than to settle the questions which the country has sent them to Washington for the express purpose of settling. There is danger, in other words, as has happened before, that Congress shall play the game of politics rather than play the part of statesmen.

It may or may not be true that a combination of some Democrats, of revolters against the rule of the Speaker in the House of Representatives, and of men

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representing the beet-sugar interest, has been made for the purpose of continuing the debate on the Philippines until the close of the session, and to the exclusion of other questions of importance. It is very doubtful whether such a combination could be made; there are too many patriotic Democrats and there is too much good sense in the recalcitrant minority in the Republican party. What is to be feared, however, is not a cabal, but a loss of the sense of perspective, an attempt to play at politics rather than an effort to serve the Nation. There is ample ground in the Philippine situation for broad differences of opinion between high-minded and patriotic men. Two important policies are now before Congress in the form of the Lodge Bill and the bill presented by the Democratic minority of the Committee. These measures ought to be debated with the utmost fullness. The differences are radical; the consequences of the adoption of either measure are likely to be far-reaching; Congress ought to take all the time it needs, within reason, to discuss these great policies and settle them. But the attempt at this stage to investigate every detail of the administration of affairs in the Philippines since the Americans took hold of them, to put the Government on trial as if it were criminal, and summon Aguinaldo and other Philippine leaders as witnesses, is distinctly outside the limits of legitimate politics. That there have been cruel practices is, unhappily, beyond question. Such cruelties, however, afford no basis for the attitude to the American soldier which has been taken by some public men, and which is the basis, apparently, of cross-examination of witnesses in the Senate. There is a disposition in some quarters to smirch the entire American army, and to regard all American soldiers as unscrupulous and brutal. This is not only unjust, but it is unmanly and hysterical. It betrays a lack of balance, of judgment, which in the end will defeat the purposes of the men behind it. Sporadic cases of cruelty are greatly to be deplored and ought to be relentlessly punished, but it is as unjust and irrational to condemn the American army and the American leaders in the Philippines as it would be to condemn the American administration in Cuba, which has been thoroughly honorable and adequate, because two or three American officials have disgraced themselves and brought shame upon their country.

It is legitimate to make all the political capital that can be made out of the blunders and offenses of men wearing our uniforms and doing our work. But it is not fair nor statesmanlike to attempt to confuse the public mind by exaggeration and distortion of facts, and to reopen by a drag-net investigation questions that are already settled. We are charged with the responsibility of authority in the Philippines. We have gone a long way to establish a kind of peace which has never before been known in the islands. The question for Congress to decide is not whether our going there was right or wrong, expedient or inexpedient, but what should be the policy of the country in the future. How soon shall the Filipinos receive the benefits and freedom of civil rule? How rapidly and efficiently shall schools be established, and society reorganized on the basis of equity and security? Congress will make a great blunder if, instead of settling these fundamental questions, and other questions quite as fundamental, it spends the next few months in a drag-net investigation which can serve no good to Philippine interests, and which may defeat many American interests. The country understands perfectly that no American is more sensitive to American honor or more conscientious in the discharge of American obligations than President Roosevelt. He may be trusted to care both for honor and for responsibility in the Philippines. That the President feels deeply the disgrace which some Americans have brought upon themselves and their country is evident; it is also evident that he is not to be deflected from the work which must be done because a few men have done it badly. "We can no more afford," he said in a speech last week, "to show weakness than we can afford to do wrong. Where wrong has been done by any one the wrong-doer should be punished, but we shall not halt in our great work because some man has happened to do wrong." This is the keynote to the situation. Congress is called upon to deal with great questions. Its duty is not to waste its time and the time of the country in making political capital out of the faults or blunders or even the crimes of individuals,

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but to settle great questions with the utmost despatch and with an eye solely to the welfare of the country.

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The Kindergarten in America

There could hardly have been a more striking demonstration of the extraordinary spread of the kindergarten in this country and its hold upon communities everywhere than the programme and the attendance at the recent annual meeting of the International Union in Boston. More than fifteen hundred delegates were present, representing all the States in the Union, and Canada. The closing meeting was held in Trinity Church, the audiences having outgrown the smaller auditoriums. The various sessions were addressed by the President of Harvard University and of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and by many of the women who have attained eminence as expositors of kindergarten principles and as teachers, Miss Susan E. Blow, by common consent, holding the first place among them.

The spread of the kindergarten has been due to several causes.

First, there is growing recognition of the fact that the education of the child begins much earlier than the age at which it is admitted to the primary schools. That education really begins before the child is born. It passes into a very important phase in the period from three to six or seven, which belongs to the kindergartner, and in which the responsive mind and the awakening imagination probably receive the germs of more fundamental ideas than at any later period in life. These three or four years, formerly spent in play without supervision, have come to have an immense educational importance. The kindergarten provides for the utilization of these years without any strain upon the child, and is the connecting link between the home and the school.

Second, it is due to the group of vital ideas which are behind kindergarten methods and teaching; a group of ideas which grow out of a profound philosophy of education and which have immense vitality, not only for the child, but for the teacher. There is probably no body of persons in the country united in any profession who are so enthusiastic in their work as the kindergartners; no body of teachers, certainly, who bring to their work more freshness, living interest, quick adaptability, and sympathy. There are, of course, many inferior kindergartners, and there are some very inferior kindergartens; for the kindergarten, above all other schools, depends for its excellence entirely on the teacher; but, as a class, kindergartners are alive in mind, in imagination, in sympathy, and in method. They are a living force in the educational life of the country.

Third, the recognition of the educational importance of the first three years in a child's life has led to the recognition of the fact that the public-school systems are incomplete unless they make provision for these earlier years, and this has led in turn to the incorporation of the kindergarten into many of the public-school systems of the country. If the public school is to do its work for the great community, it must begin at the beginning, and it does not begin at the beginning unless it begins with the kindergarten.

Fourth, the kindergarten is not only a link between the home and the school, but it is also a very simple and persuasive interpreter of the school to the home and of the teaching function of the home to mothers and fathers. It is only of late years that parents have begun to recognize the immense educational significance of home life, and to look at their homes from the educational point of view; to understand that they are the first teachers, and that when the child goes from the home to the school it does not go to a foreign and alien atmosphere.

Finally, the spread of the kindergarten is due to the spread of a deeper and more vital idea of education, of the conception of life in its totality as a great educational opportunity, and of schools and technical training as simply processes in this larger human culture. One of the speakers at the Congress put the gist of the whole matter of education in very few words:

> We must educate for life. Education is a process which goes on from the cradle to the grave. It begins before we are born. The school forms only a small part of this process. The education of the school must connect closely with the education of life in order that life may continue the development begun in school. When the child passes from school into life, he ought not to feel that he takes a step into a new world or into the dark, but he

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ought to feel that life is only a larger and more real school. The schools have thus far failed to make this conviction successfully.

Reports of the progress of kindergarten education from all parts of the country indicate rapid and substantial growth. In this city a gentleman has recently given a fund for the endowment of one of the kindergartens under the direction of the New York Kindergarten Association—an act which ought to have a contagious quality in it.

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Events in Italy

For the last thirty years Italy has had a little of that look of languor and inertia which comes to nations as well as to individuals after a long period of strain and effort. Having attained its goal, the high-strung idealism of Italy relaxed, and, to ordinary eyes, disappeared. The very rapidity and completeness of the achievement of political unity left it nothing obvious to do. Ever since then the men who in time of need would have been leading patriots have been minding their private business or living quietly at home, letting those that would struggle for the dubious rewards of political life.

From this side of the Atlantic we take a glance at Italian politics, we contrast Italy of to-day with that Rome which occupied so much space in our school-books and with the indefatigable Italy of Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Cavour, and hastily include her in a general sociological deduction of Latin degeneracy. We judge too quickly. Certainly the inventions of Marconi, the poetry of Carducci and of D'Annunzio, are equal to those of their present Teutonic rivals. Also we judge from politics, and Italians all agree that politics is the least successful work of Italian industry and talent. Certainly Italy has a better excuse for the defects of her parliamentary government than some other nations have. Representative government is not in her blood. She adopted it as the modern solution of the problem of governing a nation. She adopted it quickly, and in the face of constant opposition from the extreme clericals, so she had the misfortune of both losing what should have constituted the center of a conservative party, and of making an enemy. After the revolution that effected unity it was certain that a Liberal party would be in power, and the extreme clericals ought to have loyally become the conservative ballast of the State; they ought to have organized a constitutional opposition. Unfortunately the Papacy decided not to recognize the national government, and advised all Catholics to withdraw themselves from political life, even to abstain from the polls. The abstainers naturally mingle with the apathetic and encourage the native Italian skepticism of representative government. The result is that the Deputies are led to believe that the country neither trusts them nor expects them to do well, and they naturally look with greater care after their own affairs than after the affairs of the nation.

Even in politics, however, which in no country except in moments of enthusiasm looks inspiring, we find signs of a condition which, if not one of vigorous health, is certainly not degenerate. In the first place, the young King is an element of strength and stability, not so much in virtue of what he has said and done, though that has been good, as of what his general demeanor promises. The Italians are a democratic people; they believe in equality; and the King has given the country to understand that he fully accepts the modern conception of a monarchy, as that political system which in an old country furnishes, on the whole, at least for the present, the best practicable machinery of government. Royalty does not, like royalty in England, ally itself socially with the aristocracy; it feels no aristocratic ties; it announces clearly enough that it is ready to carry out any plans for the good of the people, even if one consequence should be to give the working class a large share of power at the expense of the present ruling classes; and claims to be, by virtue of its impartiality, the most appropriate form of government to effect any such change.

There is certainly a general trend in Italy towards putting the working classes in a position, with respect to power and privilege, equal if not superior to that of the bourgeoisie. The main cause is that the working classes, under guidance of the Socialists, know what they want; they are the attacking party, while the

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bourgeoisie is engaged in trying to defend a *status quo* which nobody thinks very satisfactory.

The present Cabinet is sensitive to this general trend towards radicalism. Zanardelli, the Premier, belongs to the more radical wing of the Liberal party, and has the reputation of being strongly anti-clerical. He was called to power in February, 1901, on the fall of the Saracco Government, which had proved itself incompetent to deal with the great strike in the dock-yards at Genoa. Last year Zanardelli had no very special occasion to show his own radical inclination, or rather to show his judgment of the country's radical inclination. This year occasions have come, some of themselves, others at his call. There was the railway strike, which, temporarily stopped by the ingenious method—trick one might say—of turning the employees into soldiers and subjecting them to military orders, was finally settled by a pledge from the Government to contribute some $8,000,000 towards the increase of pay demanded by the men. Giolitti, Minister of the Interior, justified this generous contribution out of the public treasury to one group of laborers on the ground of sympathy with people who were trying to better their condition. He was naturally confronted with the question, Why should one trade get sympathy out of the treasury rather than another?

A second indication of the trend towards radicalism is the proposed divorce law. The project was announced in the King's speech at the opening of Parliament, and was rather unfortunately unfolded in the paragraph immediately preceding a reference to the relations between State and Church; for such a law ought, from the State's point of view, to have been treated solely as the regulation of domestic relations, and not at all as a matter allied to the relations between State and Church. There is strong opposition from the clergy, and as the law does not seem to have been demanded by anybody but the radicals, who desire it because it is disagreeable to the Church, it looks as if it would have been wiser to leave the matter alone. The Italians, although at bottom they are both pagan and skeptical, and have no such loyalty to the Pope as the Irish, for instance, have, are undoubtedly proud of the Papacy, proud that an Italian bishop should be the spiritual ruler of millions of people throughout the world, and they incline to sympathize with an old man whose beliefs are so rudely attacked. Divorce is not an unmitigated benefit; and in view of the expected death of Leo XIII. and of a possible change of policy under a new Pope, remote though that possibility be, such an unconciliatory measure seems unwise.

Another proposed law indicates the same radical trend. The Ministry has prepared a project for the "municipalization," as they call it, of the public industries. The plan is to allow municipalities to own and operate water-works, gas-works, electric works, markets, bakeries, etc. The profits are to go into the municipal treasury, but each department is to be entirely separate from the general government of the municipality. The citizens are to decide by a referendum whether they will exercise such rights.

Such laws, whether wise and beneficial or not, do not help to solve the two great problems of internal policy, which are to reconcile the Church to the national institutions, and to establish a system of education which shall reduce ignorance, poverty, and superstition. The Radical party certainly cannot do the first, and it shows no interest in the second.

With regard to foreign policy, the great question is as to the renewal of the Triple Alliance. Undoubtedly Italy's first necessity and first wish are for peace. Her last battle, with the Abyssinians, allayed her jingo spirit, and her last sea fight, with Austria, although over thirty years ago, does not yet suffer her to feel perfectly sure of her navy; moreover, poverty is a great peacemaker. Italy sincerely desires to take the surest means of maintaining peace. Her choice lies between the Dual and the Triple Alliance. In making her choice Italy has to consider all the five great European Powers, for although, on account of her geographical situation, her interests are not very closely connected with England's interests, yet Italy has a traditional friendship for England, and she realizes that in any international trouble it would be far pleasanter to have England's fleet friendly than not. There is no question of any alliance with England, unless Italy

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might possibly join the Anglo-Japanese treaty. Italy wishes to do nothing that will estrange English sympathy. Now, England and France are not great friends, for Egypt keeps French jealousy alive, and therefore if Italy were to join the Dual Alliance it would be a somewhat unfriendly act towards England. In fact, the only reason why Italy should join the Dual Alliance would be to keep France friendly, for Russia is too remote from Italy to make a Russian alliance particularly desirable. But the relations with France are now very friendly. These two Latin peoples have ways of their own of quarreling and making up—some common Latin inheritance of "*Rixæ, pax et oscula.*" After their quarrel the olive branch held out by the French consisted of immense praise bestowed upon Gabriele d'Annunzio by M. le Vicomte Melchior de Vogüé, and of general enthusiastic literary homage to the so-called new Italian Renaissance. Italy now returns the compliment by celebrating the centenary of Victor Hugo's birth, as if he had been born and bred under the shadow of the Roman capitol. The two nations are outwardly, at least, good friends. Therefore there is very little reason for Italy's joining the Dual Alliance.

On the other hand, there is one real obstacle to renewing the Triple Alliance, and that is the question of the "unredeemed provinces." Trent and Trieste are mourned by patriotic Italians with the same intensity that Strasburg and Metz are in France. The society of *Dante Alighieri*, spread over all Italy, is really devoted to keeping these provinces faithful to the language and country of Dante. Italians always encourage agitation in those cities in favor of separation from Austria and union with Italy. Only the other day in the Chamber of Deputies a member excited great enthusiasm by proposing a greeting to the city of Trieste, "Italian among the most Italian." Nevertheless, it seems impossible that this consideration, chiefly sentimental, should avail to keep Italy from renewing the treaty with her old allies. Probably she will continue to pretend that she is undecided until she shall have agreed with Austria and Germany upon commercial treaties, and then she will subscribe to the Alliance.

A Common Perplexity

The writer feels that a living of "the higher human life," as Professor Griggs has it in his "New Humanism," is a very beautiful thing indeed, but there are moments when it alone does not satisfy, and when he even yearns for the much more narrow ideal of the monk of the Middle Ages, who in seclusion, forgetful of present joys, devoutly and longingly sought his God, and sought to be at one with him, and thereby to obtain peace, rest, and happiness. Yet the writer finds that revivals and books written in that spirit do not make any lasting impression upon him; on the contrary, against his will, he is tempted to smile at them as childish, and explains their effects upon the masses as due to purely psychological causes. He would especially like to know whether St. John, Paul, and, later, the Church, for the most part, built up our present system of theology, or whether Jesus really believed of himself all that orthodox Christians are taught to believe. The whole subject of the Atonement and its necessity is not clear to him; he cannot believe in the utter depravity of man, and while he sees the terrible and often wholly unintended effect upon the world of every sin committed by man, it is rather because of these awful consequences of sin that he regrets it, than because he feels ashamed and unworthy in the sight of God and of Jesus. He wishes and considers it his duty to serve his fellow-men to the utmost of his ability, but he fears that at the bottom of his desire may lie "selfishness," and he thinks that, if he were as he ought to be, and not so independent of his God, perhaps a purer, a Divine Spirit might breathe into his good intentions, and they be sanctified, as it were. If the intellect could be convinced, the heart would gladly follow; but to will to believe merely because the heart craves for it and because the world advises it as the best policy, this the writer will never do. Why should his feelings in this case have supremacy over his reason, when in all other cases we are told to use our senses and not to become a prey to illusions? Or is there any authority for an exception here, and what is it? But if feeling must be associated with religion, as appears to be necessary, how can the writer be made to feel the truth of all so intensely that his doubts will be overcome? And, lastly, conceding that it is hard to live without any settled opinion or belief in these matters, and to be obliged to put them off, as so many scientists do, and say we simply do not know and must wait for a solution in the future, is it more than hard to live, is it likewise an offense against the Divine Power?

F. F. F.

This letter appears to me to be an admirable because a simple and artless expression of a very common experience—common in our time because an increasing number of men are too intelligent to believe what is irrational and too honest to attempt to deceive either themselves or their God by pretending to believe what they do not believe.

"The heart," says Pascal, "has reasons of its own that the reason knows not of." There are many whose heart and reason do not agree. They have vital experiences which they can neither surrender nor explain, and they are troubled and sometimes distressed because they are unwilling, on the one hand, to surrender experiences which are vital, or, on the other, to accept experiences as real which seem to them unreasonable. There are, indeed, many souls which have no such

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trouble. Some have not the vital experiences; their whole life is concentrated upon the intellectual side; the emotional and imaginative side of life is to them wholly unreal, and it does not in the least disturb them to pronounce it so. Others have the vital experiences, but do not care to analyze them or reason about them. Such persons are quite willing to live the higher human life without understanding it or reconciling it with any other phase of life; they enjoy it uncritically, as some enjoy music or art, and neither knowing why nor caring to know why. This was the common experience in the Middle Ages of devout souls, who were not unintelligent, but who never seriously thought of applying their intelligence to the interpretation of their devotional life. It is still a common experience. A great many women especially accept the "higher life" and live it without thinking much about it. Indeed, it may fairly be questioned whether this is not the healthiest, as it certainly is the happiest, way. But there are those whose temperament makes this impossible. They must understand what they enjoy; if they do not understand it, the enjoyment appears to them illusory and unreal, if not absolutely false, and therefore in some sense unworthy. And this sense of unreality is intensified by the explanations which are often offered, and which seem an affront to their understanding. They reject the explanations, and this seems to them to require them to reject the experience; and yet the experience will not be rejected, but reasserts itself. The result is that conflict which my correspondent has expressed in the sentence: "If the intellect could be convinced, the heart would gladly follow; but to wish to believe merely because the heart craves for it and because the world advises it as the best policy, this the writer will never do."

Let me put this general truth a little more concretely.

One soul exercises an elevating influence over another soul: this we call inspiration. One soul makes clear to another soul a truth before dimly perceived or not perceived at all: this we call revelation. One soul enters into the life of another soul, into its sorrows sharing them, into its ignorance with illuminating power, into its sins feeling the shame of them, and making itself at one with the other in his sorrow, his ignorance, his shame: this we call at-one-ment, that is, the act of making at one. One soul, by this inspiration, this revelation, this at-one-ment, imbues another soul with a new life, inducts it into a new experience, gives to it in some department of its being a new birth: this we call regeneration. These experiences of human fellowship are the common experiences of life. We are all of us continually exercising this kind of vital influence over our fellows and receiving this kind of vital influence from our fellows. But we also receive a similar influence from an unknown source. It comes upon us we know not whence nor how. The faint heart gets an access of courage, the despairing heart an impulse of hope, though no one has spoken; the fog is cleared away and the truth which has been so vague in outline that we could not tell whether it was mountain or cloud, truth or illusion, suddenly stands out before us clear and bold, though no man has taught us; we were in discord with some unknown ideal, we could hardly tell whom or what, and were restless and ill at ease, and we are brought into harmony with this Unknown and with ourselves, and are comforted in our sorrows, and the burden of our past remorse falls away from us, and a great peace takes possession of us, though no priest has pronounced absolution; life comes to us with an unexpected freshness, the old world seems different, relative values are changed, life seems to our before discouraged souls worth living, though we cannot tell why. And we attribute these experiences of inspiration, revelation, atonement, regeneration, to an Invisible Presence, to a Divine Person. This, or something like this, for the portraiture is quite inadequate, is the genius of what my correspondent calls orthodoxy. Theology is to religion what psychology is to thinking. It is not necessary to accept psychology in order to think; neither is it necessary to accept theology in order to be religious. "F. F. F." finds it difficult to reconcile these vital experiences with any rational philosophy. But this is as little an adequate reason for rejecting these vital experiences as is the similar difficulty which he will encounter in en-

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deavoring to afford a rational explanation of all intellectual processes an adequate reason for refusing to think.

Orthodoxy is a deduction from religious experience; that is, from this experience of inspiration, revelation, atonement, new birth, derived in an uncomprehended manner from an uncomprehended source. Personally I have no doubt that some of its deductions are valid and some are invalid. Some scholars have confined inspiration and revelation to the Bible, others have confined it to the Church, and both have believed the product to be infallible truth. I believe that it extends beyond the bounds of either Bible or Church, and does not involve infallibility. Some scholars have thought that the atonement, that is, unity with God, is due to some price paid, some expiation endured, some sacrifice suffered, for the purpose of appeasing God's wrath and satisfying his law, and so making his fellowship with us just and honorable to him. I believe the price is paid, the expiation is endured, the sacrifice is suffered, by God himself as the only way by which he can enter into our life and share our sorrows and our sins, and so deliver us from them. Some scholars have thought that the new life is a new creation, and that only he who is thus a second time created is God's child. I believe that all men are God's children, and that the new life is an outbursting of life always dormant in the soul, but never truly vital until vitalized by God's own apparent presence. But it is as little necessary to accept the one philosophy as the other. What is absolutely and essentially and always true is this: that we are never to reject a fact because it does not agree with our philosophy; that vital experience is more to be trusted than any philosophy of life, ancient or modern.

To sum all up: If the traditional explanations of the experience of the higher life satisfy you, accept them. If they do not satisfy you, reject them. Never confound life with the human philosophies about life. Never imagine that to satisfy the Divine Power you must make believe believe. Be absolutely candid with him and with yourself. Do not be in haste to explain. Live the higher human life, whether you understand it or not. Accept whatever helps you to live that higher life, whether you know whence the help comes or not. And continue to do this even although you have to leave the explanation of that life and the understanding of the secret source of its power till that time when we shall know even as we are known.

L. A.

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Theological Tests

The belief expressed in these columns two weeks since, in reference to a candidate before the Presbytery of New York, whose case was referred to a committee, that the Presbytery, whether agreeing or disagreeing with his opinion about Adam, would ultimately grant his application, is confirmed by the recent conclusion of the Presbytery of Elizabeth in a similar case. A candidate dissenting from the traditional belief that Adam was a historical person, on whose application at a preceding meeting no action had been taken, was accepted by a vote reported as unanimous. This is as it should be. The congratulation we are prompted to offer the Presbytery on its decision is checked by the thought that it might seem somewhat invidious, as perhaps implying that there had been serious hesitation between a course clearly right and a course clearly wrong. To congratulate a man on his fidelity to a sacred trust is offensive. That fitness for the Gospel ministry is quite independent of opinion whether the form in which a portion of Holy Scripture conveys spiritual lessons is that of history or that of legend is so nearly axiomatic that we cannot suppose it seriously doubted in either of the Presbyteries in which it has recently demanded recognition. A letter just published states, indeed, with unquestioned authority, that the writer knows of no professor in Presbyterian seminaries (evidently implying that Union Seminary, while disobedient to the General Assembly, is not Presbyterian) who does not regard the story of Adam and Eve as literal history—an opinion discarded by the great majority of learned men. But we do not believe that any of these professors makes adherence to that opinion a test of the fitness of his pupils to preach the Gospel. Imagine St. Paul, after refusing the demand of Jewish Christians that Titus should be circumcised as a condition of

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fellowship, conditioning his ordination on acceptance of the Jewish Christian belief concerning Adam!

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The Spectator

The mist of the early morning lay over the North River and the harbor as the Spectator crossed from one State to the other to meet friends arriving on the incoming European steamer. The streets of New York are depressing at this hour. The people on them are not numerous enough to hide the badly kept pavements or unswept streets. Scarcely a person seen is of American birth. Dinner pails or baskets are carried by three-quarters of the men met. A woman on the streets at this hour attracts attention because so few are seen, and most of these, it is evident, are hurrying to the downtown office buildings to clean them before the business of the day begins. It is the world of manual labor that one sees at this hour. In every direction groups are moving; now men with shovels, now with bags of tools or coils of wire; but always there is the evidence of the stolidity of the foreigner. The quick, nervous movements that distinguish the crowds on these streets a few hours later are lacking now.

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As the boat left the New York slip it was almost deserted. What a rush it met as it entered the slip across the river! Still the crowd bore the stamp of other lands; still was seen the badge of tools. One fact grows more evident to the Spectator as the years go by. The American is apt to refuse to work with the tools that mark the manual laborer. He may rail against the immigrant, though conscious that two generations ago his grandfathers filled the rôle, but, if he is observant, he will have to admit that the growth of the country depends on the muscles of the immigrant willing to stand in the trench, to shovel on the roadway, to carry and fetch on the great docks, to help with his muscles to house the millions.

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When the wharf was reached, the foreign element was even more evident. Orders were given and received in a foreign tongue, as the men loaded and unloaded trucks and trundled freight from one end of the pier to the other. The only Americans were the Custom-House officers, and one felt more at home with the foreigners. The Spectator noticed straw in bales being trucked up the dock. The bales were about four feet in circumference, and only the height of a wine-bottle. Evidently these bales had been brought from the other side, and a vague suspicion entered the Spectator's mind. A large German was in charge of this section. As the Spectator approached him he was received with a cordial smile. "What is that straw used for?" asked the Spectator. The man looked at him quizzically, and asked, "You not know?" "I half suspect that it is used to cover our native wine-bottles to give them a foreign dress." "Dat is it; dat is it!" he chuckled; "dey looks better in it, the Americans t'ink. For myself I see no difference. I know him inside, dat bottle!" "Is there any difference between that straw and what we have in this country?" "Nein; it ist like dat in many t'ings." He threw back his head and laughed. "Dey talks reciprocity. We hafs dat all de times. De t'ings goes over from here and comes right back mit a label on de box, de bale, und de barrel. Yes, it is shust dat. Dey goes und dey comes, und dat ist good for the mens who work, and for the company." He went over to a gang of men trundling freight to give directions, his shoulders shaking with laughter. "It ist all right," he said.

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The excitement increased, also the numbers of inspectors and waiting friends, as the hour for the arrival of the steamer at the dock approached. These were of all classes, from the people arriving in carriages to the mother with a baby in arms waiting for the returning husband. "His father die; he go get his money," she explained to the Spectator. At last the bow of the steamer appears, and the waiting people try to distinguish their friends. "Grossmutter, Grossmutter!" shrieks a small boy in wildest excitement almost as soon as the boat comes in sight. "Yes, that is Ethel in her red suit," was announced positively, as a bit of red was distinguished on the upper deck. "There is Mary; yes, it is. See, she has her big

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hat on." As the boat came to the dock the bit of red proved to be on a baby carried by a nurse, and "big hats" seemed to be the favorites with more than half the women on board.

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The gang-planks are down and the people are coming ashore. "Grossvater" appeared, running down the dock. "My goodness!" exclaimed a well-dressed young girl of sixteen in tones of annoyance, "he's horrid fat!" The boy hugged and kissed the old German, the girl fell back, but the "Grossvater" was blind in his joy, and stretched far over the pickets as he murmured loving words to the girl between the kisses. "Grossmutter" trotted in sight with tears running down her cheeks. She was conscious of the half shame in the girl's greeting. Her face shadowed a little, but her kisses were quite as explosive as though doubt never entered her heart.

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The American woman from abroad is always interesting. She comes ashore alert, enthusiastic, sometimes a bit worried-looking, but evidently so ready, so well equipped, to meet any emergency. The temperature demanded summer raiment, and every American woman who came ashore looked cool and well dressed, so free from any evidence of travel or discomfort that the Spectator again fell a victim to his countrywomen. A trim, well-dressed woman, the typical American woman—self-possessed, fearless—approached her husband, who was fuming because he could not pass on to the dock and attend to the detail of freeing her baggage, and confidently asked for fourteen hundred dollars. A trifle surprised, the husband asked, "How much?" "Fourteen hundred," was repeated as confidently as though she were asking for fourteen cents. "Well, my dear, I do not travel about New York with that amount in my pockets." A shade of disappointment and surprise clouded the wife's face for a moment. "Tell them to put your traps in store. I'll attend to the matter to-morrow." "Must I leave them here?" "Yes; I'm afraid you must. Come, hurry; let's get out of this. I telephoned for luncheon, and have ordered a carriage for a drive. Come, the duds will keep." A few minutes later, like lovers, they passed out of sight.

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In sharp contrast were the crowds of husbands and wives and children from the steerage of the big ship. Hundreds of them so tired, so anxious, so weighed down with bundles and bags, standing guard over great loads of goods. It seemed hopeless that this mass of inert, stolid people could ever be anything but a drag on the country—just so many more to add to our civic problems; just so many more to gain political control without the least conception of American life, institutions, or government; just so many more to help swell the ranks of the hyphenized political parties.

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Suddenly there came to the Spectator's mind a scene he had witnessed on that same pier three months before. A steamer was leaving for Europe. The dock and decks of the vessel were crowded. As the steamer moved from her moorings the Spectator stood in the doorway where the gang-plank of the steerage had been. It was a revelation to him as he looked at the prosperous people returning in the steerage, dressed well, many of them even fashionably, and all—men and women—carrying flowers. As the steamer began to move, cigars, more flowers, greetings, farewells, messages to those across the water, were thrown and shouted, even when the distance between the boat and the dock was so great that all were lost in water and air. The Spectator saw that the years would make great changes, because of the influence and opportunities this country gave to the foreigners. He concluded that even the hyphenized political party is part of the evolution that makes an American citizen out of the immigrant who stands guard over his chattels beside his bareheaded wife on the pier, to him the threshold of a new home. No longer depressed, the Spectator walked back to the ferry the confident citizen of a democracy that exists as a power among nations because it wins the immigrant who refuses to accept the limitations of his own country, and makes of him an American who objects to vestiges of foreign birth in his grandfather.

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The Moros and Their Country

By Stephen Bonsal

I VISITED Malabang, which is pronounced Malávan, and means made or reclaimed land, early last December. We had timed our movements, or rather those of the United States naval tug upon which we traveled, so as to arrive at this mart of Moro trade on market-day. We arrived on time, steaming across the bay from Cottabato, and anchored off the shelving beach; but the Moros did not appear in the numbers we had been led to expect. We were informed by the officers serving at the post that the situation in the last few days had undergone a change for the worse. Far from any realization of the sanguine expectations so often expressed that Malabang would become at an early day a busy center of trade, the small permanent population of the place, Moros, Chinese, Filipinos, and "mixed," were moving away. They made no secret of the fact, as they went, that they moved because Malabang was destined in a very few days to become the scene of, as a Chinese merchant put it, "large trouble."

Malabang is not much to look at, but we thought it worth a visit because it is the only place where an opportunity might present itself of touching elbows and exchanging snuff with the mighty Moro chiefs of the Lake Lanao League, against whom the Spaniards waged for so many years a war of subjugation without any very conspicuous success in the end. I found a good deal of guessing going the rounds of the Mindanao garrisons as to the strength of this League, and as to the sentiments with which its members are animated. Unfortunately, it was all guessing of the purest description, and guessing it will remain until our officials and troops buckle down and learn Moro, and are made to dispense with the imaginative half-breed interpreters, that bane of the situation in the Philippines.

What we actually know of the Lake Moros may be condensed into a single sentence: that they have from the beginning been averse to coming into close contact with us, that for three years they have been successful in maintaining their policy of non-intercourse, and that now they seem determined upon war, for which, doubtless, they have been preparing ever since our landing on the island. How the trouble which has since developed into the "little war" upon which we find ourselves engaged originated, it would be difficult to say. These, however, are some of the circumstances which came under my observation while on the spot, and which have undoubtedly had much to do with creating the present state of affairs.

The civil authorities, the moment the Philippine Commission succeeded to the supreme power throughout the archipelago, which was on July 4, 1901, began with laudible zeal to protect the forests and the rich plant-life of the island from the thoughtless, short-sighted exploitation they are exposed to at the hands of the ignorant Moros, who are more often than not urged on to commit their depredations by the rapacious Chinese merchants in whose debt they live, with but few exceptions, from the cradle to the grave. The best timber was being destroyed in the most reckless manner, and the rubber plants were being cut down in a way that was still more wasteful. In order to secure the precious rubber fluid to the last drop, instead of tapping the trunk, the whole tree was cut down and destroyed to obtain the harvest of one year, and this not only meant the destruction of all the rubber-trees in a very few years, as no young plantations were set out, but the rubber obtained in this way was of a very poor, "dead" quality.

To stem these abuses a derelict Spaniard living at Malabang was appointed forester and superintendant of the rubber supply. Under the Forestry Bureau regulations, he was authorized to issue timber certificates, and to collect a tax on all the rubber brought into the market. This tax, as we had seen very strikingly illustrated in Cottabato, was prohibitive on timber, some logs being taxed three dollars Mexican each, when that was all the cutter could expect to receive for them when,

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after infinite labor, he had succeeded in floating them down the river to the market.

Upon the dead rubber, extracted in the manner I have described, a tax designed to be prohibitive was imposed, while the rubber obtained by tapping the trees was admitted to the freedom of the market after paying a merely nominal octroi. Then the troubles began, which soon culminated in the murder of Señor Gonzalez, the tax collector. Naturally, the Moros charged him with all manner of dishonest dealings. He was a trader, and had been permitted to trade after receiving his official appointment. The Moros accused him of driving his competitors out of the field by excessive taxation, and admitting all the purchases of his own firm free of impost. The facts are that the imposition of these taxes was premature, and that in some respects the scale upon which they were adjusted displayed complete ignorance of the local conditions. And in the discussion of these tariff questions, unhappily, Señor Gonzalez was killed.

It was known pretty generally who his murderers were, and shortly before our arrival Captain Wrenn, commanding the post at Malabang, had sent a formal demand upon their datu or over-lord to deliver up the men for trial, and no answer had been received up to the day we left—no answer, that is, except the almost complete boycott of the market, which, most unfortunately for us, was inaugurated on the day of our arrival. Instead of the six or seven hundred Moros gayly decked out in their many-colored kerchiefs and sarongs, instead of the sovereign sultans in their many-oared barges or their red and black sailed *praus*, preceded by their private and personal executioners and followed by their suppliant courtiers and the gangs of slaves burdened with the products of the Moro country, there only presented themselves to our disappointed gaze some thirty or forty shabby individuals, who had come, it is true, from Lake Lanao, but had brought with them nothing to sell but a few sarongs. All day they sat on their mats chewing buyo, or betel-nut, and spying out the land. Toward evening they rolled up their mats and disappeared, some in their swiftly moving craft, others in the jungle that closed behind them; and Malabang, the mart of the Moro confederation, had been as quiet as the grave but for our lamentations.

The Chinese and the Filipino traders, more practiced than we in interpreting the motives and intentions of this peculiarly close-mouthed people, all agreed that their conduct admitted of but one explanation. It meant war, they said in their different dialects, and they packed up their goods and huddled together under the guns of the fort awaiting with ill-concealed impatience transportation to Zamboanga. By the soldiers the news that there was to be war was received with evident cheerfulness. It had been so dull slouching around upon this lonely beach, month in and month out, that the pleasure with which the war news was received was natural, if reprehensible. Our position here was and is an important one, for Malabang is our most advanced post in the territory of the Lanao confederation, and will have to serve as our base in all operations against the Moro forces concentrated around the sacred lake which they have sworn to shield from the pollution of the Christian presence. The barracks, or main *cuartel*, is a large granite building with walls of mediæval thickness. As the inscription over the drawbridge (it is also defended by a moat) proclaims, it was constructed early in the last century by General Corcuera, one of the Spanish conquistadores, who left a deeper impression than all the rest upon the Moro country. The moat is filled with crystal waters of wonderful transparency and, it is said, medicinal virtues, which flow from seven springs, all within a few feet of one another, and all bubbling up within the barrack yard. This main fort is about a mile from the beach, where the market is situated. The line of communication between the two, running through a swampy jungle, is fortified by two stone martellos, or loopholed watch-towers, also the work of General Corcuera. These three defensive points are connected by a deep trench, along which the soldiers can pass from one point to another, as the emergency requires, without being exposed to the enemy's fire.

The last glimpse that we caught of Malabang was prophetic of war. All the soldiers and all the available coolies were out cutting down the rank jungle-grass from around the fortifications, which might so well shelter the advance of an

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enemy, and the officers were engaged in ascertaining the exact range of the prominent points on the landscape over which an attacking force would have to pass.

But for three months the Moros did not return to Malabang, either as traders or as warriors. Indeed, nothing happened to disturb the monotony of life on the Mindanao coast until early in March, when, the vigilance of our men, which apparently can never be maintained for long, having relaxed, the Moros, with peaceful promises, decoyed two soldiers of the Malabang garrison into an ambuscade. As a result one was killed and the other seriously wounded, and, as on previous occasions, the datus refused to deliver up the guilty men, or to punish them according to their own laws.

In view of these facts, General Chaffee at last decided to act. It was apparent to me while in Mindanao that no effort consistent with self-respect was being spared to postpone the inevitable Moro campaign, so I am inclined to think that the necessity for action must be imperative. There is an apologetic strain running throughout the despatch in which General Chaffee announces the mobilization of the organizations which, under the command of Colonel Baldwin, have been selected to advance into the Moro country, and I, for one, am not inclined to dispute General Chaffee's decision, made upon the spot and with all the facts before him. No one acquainted with the conditions in the islands can approve the proposition which is heard in some quarters—to leave the Moros severely alone, and confine our attention for the present to the Tagals and the Visayans. There is no alternative between maintaining our authority or allowing it to fall to the ground. We must bear the white man's burden or we must leave it.

Now that the inevitable moment has come (I trust that it shall also prove an opportune moment), it is most desirable that the campaign should be pushed with energy to a decisive result. For this, many more than the eighteen hundred men that have been placed at Colonel Baldwin's disposal will be required,[1] and he should have them all at once and not in driblets. It would be characteristic of the Moro to fight eighteen hundred men with stubborn tenacity, while when confronted by four thousand they would doubtless lay down their arms.

The army in the Philippines has taken many chances, penetrated into totally unknown provinces, and gone against forces as to whose strength they were totally ignorant any number of times, and hitherto our tactics, which General Wheaton epitomized with his "Don't stop to fire, but just run 'em down," have always prevailed. It is certain, however, that in no previous campaign of the Philippine war have the elements of uncertainty been so many or the presumptive strength of the enemy so great. In the march from Malabang to the Lake we are entering upon a totally unknown country. Here we have not even the unreliable traditions of our Spanish predecessors to depend upon, the Spaniards having apparently always made their advances into the Lake region from the north by the way of Illigan Bay and the river of that name. As to the numbers of the confederation, how many rifles they can put in the field, whether they are well or ill supplied with ammunition, these are facts which Colonel Baldwin may ascertain within the next few weeks, but it is certain he hasn't got them in his possession now. We have every reason to believe that the Moros of this League are stubborn and tenacious fighters, and there is not the slightest doubt that on several occasions within the last ten years they defeated large forces of Spaniards sent against them. Whatever superiority we possess over the Spaniard in the better *morale* and finer physique of our men is, in my opinion, offset by the knowledge of the language and of the country which the Spaniards had acquired by the exertions of officers preliminary to the war or by the recitals of the Jesuit missionaries, some of whom at various times had penetrated in disguise to the Lake of Lanao, the very Zemzem of Mindanao Mohammedanism. None of our officers speak Moro, and the missionary narratives are not at the disposal of our soldiers.

The only information we have as to the route to the Lake from Malabang, on the south coast, where Colonel Baldwin is

[1] It may be noted that this article was written just before cable despatches from the Philippines announced that the Moro chiefs were showing a disposition to enter into negotiations for peace. Whether they are sincere or not remains to be seen.—THE EDITORS.

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gathering his forces, was acquired by the mad prank, as it was called then, of Captain Hagadorn, an infantry officer, who, while stationed somewhere on the coast of Illana Bay, took the trouble to learn a little Malay and ingratiate himself with the datus. With one of these he got upon such a friendly footing that, after much coaxing on the part of the American officer, an invitation was forthcoming to visit the floating forts on Lake Lanao. Accompanied only by a sergeant and some natives, without having, I believe, secured the countenance of his brigade commander for the venturesome trip, Captain Hagadorn started out from the Malabang fort by the east-northeast trail one day last spring, and on the evening of the second day the broad, tranquil surface of the Lake, studded with floating houses and forts built on piles, opened out before him.

Shortly after leaving the coast, it is evident from his report, the trail runs through a country cut by ravines; then it passes through a jungle about ten miles in extent, through which he states there is no other pass but the one provided by this narrow trail, never more than six feet broad. Twenty-four miles out from Malabang and five or six miles away from the inland lake, the trail emerges from the dark forest jungle into an open, rolling, grass-covered country which extends down to the Lake, which, owing to the nature of the ground, you do not see until quite close upon it. This open country shows signs of primitive cultivation. There are many small coffee plantations, shaded with bamboo-trees; also fields of rice and camotes. There are no villages until you reach the Lake, but the whole country, once the forest is left behind, is dotted with houses, and every few hundred yards there are clumps of bamboo, surrounded by trenches and vine entanglements which the Moros call cottas or forts. In many of these little forts Captain Hagadorn saw rows upon rows of *lantacas*, or the old brass cannon which in former days the Moros carried upon the decks of their piratical praus, and in some of them small field-pieces which appeared to be more modern and decidedly more effective. But the circumstances of his visit were such as to prevent a close inspection. The houses on land that he saw were built of thick bamboo logs flattened out, with roofs of cogan grass, and rafters held in position with bejuco vines. While Captain Hagadorn spent only a few hours at the Lake, and they must have been fully taken up with thoughts of his personal safety, which, as was apparent from the moment of his arrival there, was in great jeopardy, he does not hesitate to say that, should the conquest of the confederation ever have to be undertaken, it could in his judgment be accomplished with a force composed of a brigade of infantry, a troop of calvary, and a battery of mountain guns, or about twice the number of men now engaged in the campaign.

So far the official report of the adventurous captain. The legend that lurks about the fort at Malabang is full of interesting details which, in view of the circumstances under which his journey was undertaken, Captain Hagadorn doubtless thought best to omit from his official report. According to the legend, the datu who guided him to the Lake, and at whose house he was to pass the night, was received by the other chiefs with marked signs of displeasure when he appeared upon the scene with a hated paleface. The datu, evidently embarrassed, took Hagadorn immediately to his house, where they supped in silence. Shortly before midnight four chiefs rowed up to the house on the bank of the Lake where Hagadorn and his host, very ill at ease, were trying to get to sleep, and an angry conversation took place. The hospitable datu was informed that his conduct had been the subject of closest scrutiny by the general council held that evening, and that the conclusion reached, which they were authorized to announce to him, was this: the only way he could purge himself of the sin against custom and Koranic law in bringing a Christian dog to the sacred lake was to bind the infidel who had evidently bewitched him hand and foot and turn him over to the tender mercies of the League. For a long time the datu fought manfully for the life of his guest friend (and to Hagadorn, who listened, enlightened by his knowledge of Moro, it must have seemed still longer), but all to no purpose. At last the datu threw over his friend, but announced that he would defend his house with his men and his slaves against any invasion.

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If the members of the League caught the white man trespassing on their territory they could kill him and welcome, but as long as he was under his roof-tree he would defend him. The committee went away apparently satisfied with this decision, which only meant a few hours' postponement of their murderous purpose. But Hagadorn and the sergeant, without saying anything further to their host, whom they had already embarrassed and inconvenienced not a little, slipped out of the datu's house soon after midnight and were half-way along the dark trail to Malabang before the day broke.

If it had been the wish of the Moros to avoid a conflict with our forces, nothing could have been easier than to hand out the red-handed assassins for trial. This and other evidence tends to show that the Lake Moros deliberately provoked the conflict, and it is certain that should we fail to secure justice now our authority and prestige would greatly suffer. The choice of our line of advance from the south is doubtless inspired by a desire to avoid friction with the datus of the League who live upon the northern shores of Lake Lanao and along the river Illigan, which, so far as known, is the only outlet of the great lake. These datus bore the brunt of the five or six campaigns with the Spaniards which began in 1890 and were yet in progress when Dewey sailed into Manila Bay. After many setbacks and several bloody defeats the Spaniards had reached a position where they believed the complete subjugation of the Moros would prove an easy matter. A column supported by a mosquito fleet sailing up the Illigan River had reached Lake Lanao, and two little gunboats which had been brought up in pieces from the sea were being put together when the news of Dewey's victory was received. The Spaniards immediately abandoned their advanced position, sinking their gunboats in the Lake off Taraca.

The Dread Before Great Joy

By Robert Underwood Johnson

I.

Within, what gracious store
  Of pleasures throng:
Rest, beauty, firelit lore,
  Love-breathing song.
Why at the open door
  Wait you so long?

II.

Oh, why delay to touch
  The splendid flower?
Why tremble ere we clutch
  The perfect hour?
Is it too near, too much,
  The certain dower?

III.

Beneath the bride's attire
  Her heart stands still—
Half way from porch to choir—
  For joy, not ill.
(We shiver before fire
  As well as chill.)

IV.

Home-bound, beyond the bar
  I heard again,
An exile from afar,
  The tide's refrain:
What did the moment mar?
  Ah! 'twas not pain.

V.

Well may the victor shrink
  Aghast at Fame
To hear, on Fortune's brink,
  His land's acclaim,
That with its great doth link
  His own strange name.

VI.

We raise the precious bowl—
  To sip and sigh:
The starving takes but dole
  Lest he may die;
Must, then, the famished soul
  Its feast put by?

VII.

What if our mortal fear
  Were but the dread
Before great joy! How near
  Were the loved dead!
Then were the grave more dear
  Than bridal bed.

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Sunny Days at the Exposition

By Lillian W. Betts

ONE trial awaits the visitor to Charleston, and that is the moment of departure. From the moment of arrival the visitor is subject to an enchantment that makes him forget for the time that there is for him a future in which Charleston will be but a memory—a memory of long, quiet streets bordered by walled gardens now filled with roses, with houses quaint, homelike, and palatial in the gardens; of streets shaded by the live-oak and the linden and ornamented by the palmetto; of figures of sturdy and graceful negro women carrying on their heads fruits and vegetables in great flat platted baskets, calling to one another with jovial greetings in rich, melodious voices; of people who in carriage and dress represent all classes, as is the case in any large city, but with this difference, that in Charleston they move leisurely and with the quiet of enjoyment.

The independence of the home life of Charleston is the ideal of democracy. This is in a measure due to the habit of the majority of the people above the laboring classes. At three o'clock the business for the day is done. This gives to the social life of the city a unique characteristic. Men are at leisure to enjoy their homes, their families, and their friends with a freshness of spirit that is possible only where business is not the mainspring of a man's thought and the tyrant of the hours of his day. The visitor to the Exposition at Buffalo was conscious of a city and an Exposition. This is not so in Charleston. The city and the Exposition are so harmonious that one seems as permanent as the other. Beauty has been attained at the Exposition grounds without visible evidence of the effort to attain it.

Almost as soon as the visitor enters the grounds he is in the Court of Palaces, with its wide expanse of green; the fairy-like sunken gardens, with winding walks among the flowers, with low, graceful bridges spanning the water, are part of an entrancing whole. These bridges are not thrust on the attention as part of a landscape plan, but they seem necessary to permit one to enjoy the whole beauty of the gardens.

The Exposition buildings are low, making a background of soft white, like that of old ivory. For some reason the title Ivory City has not fastened itself on the Charleston Exposition as White City did on the World's Fair at Chicago, or as Rainbow City did on the Exposition at Buffalo, yet it accurately describes the Exposition now in Charleston. The grounds are so extensive that it would require many thousands of people to give any impression of crowds. On President's Day, when forty thousand people paid admission to the grounds, when the military escort and the invited guests numbered thousands more, once inside the gates there was no sense of being crowded or impeded in one's movements.

The tour of the buildings of the Exposition having been made, the most attractive part of the grounds is that in which are the Woman's Building, the State Buildings, and the Art Gallery. The Woman's Building is the old Lowndes mansion—a typical Southern home. In it are now gathered the products of the home industries of the counties of the State of South Carolina, arranged in alcoves under the charge of committees of women from the several counties. Furniture and clothing which came to the colonies with the first English and Huguenot settlers are also exhibited. The furniture is arranged in the rooms on the second floor and part of the first, giving a most homelike aspect to the house. The Daughters of the Revolution, the Colonial Dames, the Daughters of the Confederacy, the South Carolina Kindergarten Association, the Kings' Daughters, have secured the exhibits and are represented in the Women's Board of Managers of the Exposition. This Board has charge of all social functions in connection with the Exposition. Perhaps a sentence overheard in the restaurant of the Woman's Building between one of the Board of Managers and a friend best expresses the spirit of the people of Charleston toward visitors: "We made up our minds that, whether we made money

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or not out of the restaurant, we must maintain it throughout the Exposition, so that our visitors might be comfortable." This represents the spirit of Charleston toward the strangers within its gates—a spirit so strong that churlish is he who does not respond to it.

The appearance of the visitors to great expositions proves that to people of limited means they are great educational and social opportunities. The trains morning and night bring people laden with boxes holding luncheons, and with valises of all shapes and materials. There is another thing proved conclusively—that the people of the South love the sun. In groups they saunter and sit courting the sunshine; things seem of far less interest to them than people. The people at Charleston seem to care far more for the Government exhibit than for the Cotton Palace with its wonderful history of the industrial development of the cotton States. The value and interest of this exhibit are for the stranger to the region. Nor does the Agricultural Building hold the people from "up country." They are most interested in the great out-of-doors, with its stretches of green, its beautiful live-oaks and palmettos, and, above all, in the happy, free, great people moving leisurely about, hoping and realizing the hope of meeting friends. "It's thirty years since we met," said two old men facing each other in the United States Building, the center of interest to old and young.

President's Day was the day of days for the Charleston Exposition, and, by a strange coincidence, it was the anniversary of the surrender of General Lee.

The city wakened with the consciousness that it faced an eventful day. The crowds were moving at an early hour, and at nine o'clock the streets were lined with people. Many of these had come on the morning trains—whole families, accompanied by babies and nurses, all laden with lunch-boxes, wraps, and enthusiasm.

The ubiquitous small boy was here and to the front, the despair of policemen and military escort. One small boy eluded both, and, as the President's carriage stopped for a moment, wriggled into the street and called out:

"How's that boy of your'n?"

"Very—" the response was not heard by the small boy, for a policeman had caught him and thrust him to the rear. The small boy in Charleston is a jolly, roving, helpful little chap, without the aggressive rudeness of the small boy who learns as soon as he begins to walk to "move on," to whom the policeman is an ogre to be watched for at every corner or possible hiding-place. In Charleston the small boy has rights which even the policeman respects. At the Exposition the Midway and the miniature train swallow him after he has studied the guns and uniforms of the United States service, and he ceases to exist elsewhere except on President's Day—then he is everywhere. It is doubtful whether it was the President as President who held the small boy's attention; it was rather the man who shot "grizzlies," "no, lions," contended one small boy almost under the heels of a horse of the Charleston Light Dragoons, the President's guard of honor.

At the Woman's Building on President's Day the lawn sloping to the river was the gayest scene. The shade of live-oaks was grateful. Groups of beautifully dressed women moved about the lawn escorted by fine-looking men. A soft rustle, laughing genial greetings, and expectancy presaged an event of importance. A coach draped in crimson, on top of which sat women wearing the same shade in some part of their costumes, and men carrying flags with the historic H on a crimson field, told that the President's Alma Mater had enthusiastic representatives in Charleston. The sun brought out the odor of box in the garden, and the Cherokee roses added their beauty and fragrance.

The President's carriage was welcomed here by the same enthusiastic crowds that had met it from early morning. The President walked from the Missouri Building to the Woman's Building, accompanied by one of the leading women of Charleston, the President of the Woman's Board. He was followed by Mrs. Roosevelt, who was accompanied by the President of the Exposition, and after came the men and women who had helped to make the President's visit to the Exposition a historic event in the history of the State.

It was a scene never to be forgotten: the great live-oaks shading a lawn sloping to the shimmering river; the old colonial mansion that seemed itself to respond

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the war, retiring inland to the mountains to save a baby, to find later that she was in the track of Sherman's advancing army. It was impossible to change. The days advanced, bringing the hosts nearer. The mother had grown desperately quiet, facing two awful probabilities. At last a night of terror passed and the baby still lived, but the morning found the servants helpless with fright; the army was but a few hours distant. At noon there was the rapid beating of a horse's hoofs on the road. The mother, holding her baby tightly in her arms, listened. There was but one horse, which came in sight panting. The rider swung himself, covered with dust, from the saddle. The mother hurried to the door.

"They have turned at the forks; you are safe." It was Wade Hampton who brought the news to the mother alone in the house in the woods.

The silence was broken by the lap of the waves against the walls. Wade Hampton was buried on the anniversary of the surrender of Fort Sumter by Major Anderson, April 13, 1861. But few remembered it.

The days between his death and burial were blank days at the Exposition. Monday morning brought another special week, another reunion of friends long separated, and once again the people were gathered in friendly groups, the past but a memory. Every face was turned toward the future. The visitor who has lent himself to the charms of the South Carolina and West Indian Exposition and its enchanting environment, Charleston, echoes the President's closing words at Columbia, delivered on his return North: "Let me ask you now to support to the best of your ability the Exposition in Charleston; and I ask that not only of you, but of all the people in the Union. It is a great tribute to the energy, the forethought, the business enterprise of the people in Charleston that they should have planned and have built so really beautiful an Exposition, and they deserve all the help they can possibly have for it, and I wish them well."

The Dragon's Teeth

By Agnes Repplier

"For the Dragon's Teeth are the little letters of the alphabet, sown by Cadmus to breed dissension upon earth."

WHAT would our remote ancestors have said, could they have foreseen the day when nations would vex themselves, and each other, over the spelling-book! What would those easy-going gentlemen, who assorted and combined the letters of the alphabet according to their taste and discretion, have thought of their descendants who wax quarrelsome over an e too little, or an l too much! Pedantry was not unknown in any age; but even to pedants such disputes would have seemed unmeaning, while the rest of the world wisely refrained from wasting a thought upon the matter.

"Forbidding knights to read who cannot spell,"

was by no means the absurdity that Byron intended it to be. Never a knight in the sixteenth century *could* spell, however deeply versed in the mysteries of reading.

Sainte-Beuve says that "orthography is the beginning of literature;" but to some skeptics it seems rather to be the end. There was a great deal of literature with very little orthography in Elizabeth's day, and there is a great deal of orthography with very little literature in ours. American authors are so sensitive about alphabetical combinations that they write anxious articles for the magazines, asserting that our confessedly illogical method of spelling is "a serious obstruction to education and civilization"—a grave indictment—and lamenting pathetically that, "however beautiful a scheme of reformed orthography for popular use may be, it is a total failure if the public will not accept it." This is painfully true of all reforms. The only obstacle in their way is the reluctance of people to be reformed. They have plenty of opportunities, but neglect them. Professor Lounsbury may be pardoned the irritation with which he remarks that "there is nothing more contemptible than our present spelling, unless it be the reasons usually given for clinging to it." Cling to it we do, though few of us give *any* reason,

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beyond that advanced by the man who, being asked why he wrote with the side of his pen, replied, "because he always did."

It is pleasant to see the spelling of a word become a matter of international dispute. The effusion of ink instead of blood is always a subject for congratulation. England, to be sure, has reformers of her own, and one sad-eyed statistician—a member of the London school board—has calculated that, owing to the perverseness of the English spelling-book, a Saxon child takes two thousand three hundred and twenty hours to learn to read, whereas a young Italian learns in nine hundred and forty-five hours—not much more than one-third of the time. No allowance is made by this gentleman for the greater alertness of the Latin mind; but he is generous enough not to reproach the little sons of Italy for declining, as a rule, to spend even nine hundred and forty-five hours in the acquisition of an unloved accomplishment. Was it harder or easier, one wonders, for the Saxon children who two hundred years ago were unshackled by iron-bound rules, who learned to read, and ofttimes loved to read, but who spelt like Swift's Stella—that is, just as a wandering fancy prompted them?

Yet even in Swift's day this sweet old freedom was being rapidly lost. People had grown fussy about the number of letters in their own and their friends' names. The charming serenity of the young Charles Edward who wrote of his father indifferently as "Jems" or "Gems" was rather an exception than a rule. For absolute independence we must go back to the glorious reign of Elizabeth, who spelt sovereign in seven different ways, and who bowed her sovereignty to none. Leicester—so Disraeli complains—wrote his own name with no less than eight combinations, which shows infinite breadth and versatility, while the title appears in deed and documents under a dozen aspects more. This splendid unconcern may be responsible for a good deal of muddled history. It is sometimes hard to know who *is* meant, when letters are arranged and rearranged as caprice moved the scribe. "Quhairat wes the subscriptionis of the erles of huntlie, ergile, boithuile altogether, and the secretares subscriptioun far beneth the rest," wrote the scholarly clerk who took down the deposition of Hepburn of Bowton, after the murder of Darnley in the Kirk o' Field; and there is something strangely unfamiliar about the well-known names.

It has even happened that the untrammeled spelling of a word leaves it a puzzle to generations of readers, as the glass of "Setyl" sent by Elizabeth, Duchess of Norfolk—a very accomplished lady—to the Earl of Essex on New Year's Eve. "My ffary gode lord," writes the Duchess, "her I sand you in tokyn hoff the neweyer a glasse hoff Setyl set in Sellfer gyld. I pra you tak hit An hy wer habel, het showlde be bater."

The sentiment of this note is so admirable that 'tis but a churlish mind which can object to the changes rung on such scraps of words as I and it; and, whatever "Setyl" might have been, the glass was given with right good will. The Hatton MSS. are rich mines of variegated orthography, and so are the Verney letters, and many similar collections. We turn with pleasure from Lady Nottingham's assurance that "the qeueen has come to twon," and that "the reates are resanabell enufe," to Margaret, Lady Verney, who bequeaths to her daughter Cecily "on fader bed, on bolster, on payre off blanketts," and to her daughter Anne "on kyrtyll off blake damaske, and on gowne of blake cloth, purfeld with tawney velvet."

The Restoration saw the last real liberty accorded to spelling. Charles II. was a brilliant example of versatility in the art. His letters to his sister Henrietta, Duchesse d'Orléans, are spelt in such riotous fashion that the wit and sense revealed on every page acquire an added distinction from the strictly personal character of the orthography. The Stuarts, as a race, ignored the spelling-book. Prince Rupert, we are assured, mastered many languages in his youth; but if he spelt them all as wildly as he did his English, there must have been at times grave doubts in people's minds as to which of them he was writing. Yet when Cotgrave published his French and English dictionary in 1611, modestly proffering to the world some information it was in no hurry to absorb, he presented a copy of the first edition to Henry, Prince of Wales, receiving in return a gift of "ten fair pounds." There was a good deal of originality about Cotgrave, and his work has that pleasant individual flavor which

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makes Dr. Johnson's dictionary such admirable reading. Not that the earlier lexicon is worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with Johnson's glorious achievement. It has no claim to such distinction, though there is something very winning, and at times very suggestive, in its wealth of words. Cotgrave's definition of a coquette—"a fisking or flipperous minx, a cocket, a tisisill, a flebergebit," leaves nothing for the heart to desire.

With the dawning of the eighteenth century there came a spirit of precision which could not but affect the old easy methods of spelling. Years before Queen Anne sat primly on the throne, we hear the first faint rumors of reform, or at least of that critical dissatisfaction which paves the reformer's way. Aubrey, writing of Waller, lamented in true schoolmaster fashion that, "notwithstanding his great Witt and maistresse in rhetorique, he will oftentimes be guilty of misspelling his English." Dr. Pepys confided to his diary that he was ashamed of his wife's "false-spelt" letter. Men of action were naturally less concerned with trifles of this character. In the matter of spelling, Marlborough was a law to himself; and his splendid termagant of a wife scorned orthography as she scorned all other evidences of scholastic tutelage. "Books!" she cried impatiently in her old age, "prithee, don't talk to me about books! The only books I know are men and cards." Yet Marlborough's letters are well worth reading, as is often the case with "false-spelt" correspondence. No one of the Cavaliers was more open than Claverhouse to the pedagogic reproaches of Macaulay. He could not, or at least he certainly did not, spell with the accuracy of a modern school-boy; but he wrote as only a man of force and character can write. There is not a featureless page in any paper of his penning. Sir Walter Scott was right when he declined to believe that "understanding and orthography have any natural connection."

In Queen Anne's day the spelling-book became an important feature of education. People had not yet mastered its intricacies; but they had begun to recognize them, and to talk about them—a most unworthy subject of conversation. Addison and Swift were martinets in this regard, and it had a disastrous effect upon the tempers of both. "I go to a great house," wrote Addison in 1713, "where perhaps there is not a single person who can spell, unless it be by chance the butler or one of the footmen." Naturally, an accomplishment that was in favor with footmen seemed a trifle overstrained to the gentry, to the Tory gentry especially, who had a well-grounded distaste for innovations. What had been good enough for their fathers was good enough for them. When Will Honeycomb said that he spelt like a gentleman, and not like a scholar, he defined the standard of his class.

It was not possible, however, to long withstand the insidious spread of education. There came a day when the Spectator observed with pleasure a spelling-book lying on a lady's table, where it had for company Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding" and a "Dictionary of Hard Words." Swift, who loved better to censure than to praise, reluctantly admitted that "the ladies in general are extremely mended both in reading and writing since I was young. A woman of quality, who had excellent good sense, was once my correspondent; but she spelt and scrawled worse than a Wapping wench, and I knew several others of very high degree with the same defect."

Stella's vagaries in this regard provoked the Dean to much discourteous wrath. She *would* write "rediculous," and "bussyness," and many other words after a fashion of her own; and Swift, who also can be found tripping now and then, vowed that he grew confused in trying to correct her manifold mistakes. "Twenty misspellings in one letter" were too many, he said. He was determined to allow her but six. Indeed, he took the whole subject amazingly to heart, and was, or would fain have been, the first reformer in the field. If he accomplished little—the Earl of Oxford was sadly indifferent, and Stella but an inapt pupil—he has at least recorded a vigorous protest, and his contentious successors to-day should hold his memory dear.

From that time to this we hear more and more about the importance of orthography. It becomes a common topic of talk, a common burden of reproach. "Strange that my brother is such a bad speller, when my sister and I spell so well," wrote Mrs. Inchbald, who was mistaken about herself, though probably right

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about her brother. Miss Austen frankly admitted her deviations from the path of rectitude. "The printers continue to supply me very well," she wrote to Cassandra, when "Emma" was in press. "I am advanced in Vol. III. to my *arra*-root, upon which peculiar style of spelling there is a modest query in the margin." Terms framed by her to meet the exigencies of the moment have admirable point and significance. "Old Mary Croucher gets madderer and madderer," is a forceful statement, and reminds us of Mrs. Carlyle, whose letters are none the less readable because her well-chosen words are misspelt, and her apt quotations misquoted.

For to cavil at the disposing of a syllable is unworthy of a generous mind. Milton wrote Sovran, and Shakespeare, Soveraigne. What difference does it make? Lord Byron was wont to write that he had "redde" a book, preferring to distinguish between the past and present tenses of a verb. Better do this and be happy, than refrain and—like Lord Lytton—fulminate maledictions against authority. "A more lying, roundabout, puzzle-headed delusion than that by which we confuse the clear instincts of truth in our accursed system of spelling was never concocted by the father of lies," growled the author of "My Novel," who must have had a deal of trouble with his alphabet before he grew so angry. The poet Gray was one of the most precise of men; but he did not hesitate to write of "a Cherubim," and his letter does not appear to have cast his friends into consternation, much less to have provoked acrimonious dispute. Now we have poets publicly reproaching each other with the dubious nature of their plurals. In the old, easy days, the mute e, so common in English words, was a real blessing to the printer, who used it to space with, slipping it in and out to even his lines. Now an American author hurls defiance across the sea because an English author writes asphalte instead of asphalt. Quarrel over something we must, but this seems a paltry battlefield for the splendid warriors of the dragon's teeth.

Dr. Conan Doyle on the Boer War[1]

IN "The Great Boer War" Dr. Doyle has already published an interesting and valuable book on the present conflict in South Africa; he now publishes a dispassionate defense of the British soldier.

He first discusses the cause of the quarrel and the negotiations, unhappily in vain, for peace. He admits that the Government of the Transvaal offered arbitration and that its tender was refused. He declares that to have accepted such an offer would have been tantamount to "giving away the case." The real point at issue, he holds, was not one which could have been decided by arbitration, in the general acceptation of that term, since Great Britain was sovereign over the foreign relations of the Transvaal, and therefore would not have conceded the right of arbitration. Dr. Doyle seems to think that a submission of the case by the Transvaal to British referees would have resulted satisfactorily; in our judgment, no tribunal but a foreign one could have arbitrated satisfactorily.

So far as unofficial attempts at peace are concerned, Dr. Doyle claims that a considerable body of Boers, including many men of influence and of intelligence, were disposed to accept British rule. The leaders of this party were the brave Piet De Wet, brother of Christian, Paul Botha of Kroonstad, Fraser of Bloemfontein, and others. The burghers who were in favor of peace, finding it useless to argue with their fellow-countrymen, took the extreme course at last of bearing arms against them, so that there are at present three commandos of burghers fighting upon the British side, commanded by three Boer generals—Marais, Celliers, and the younger Cronje.

The most important feature of Dr. Doyle's book is its review of the charges of inhumanity made against British soldiers. In regard to the farm-burning, he frankly admits that the results have not justified that practice, and that, putting

[1] *The War in South Africa: Its Cause and Conduct.* By A. Conan Doyle. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

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all moral questions aside, the members of a burned-out family are not likely to settle down as contented British subjects. He claims, however, that in the farm-burning the British commanders were well within their rights. It is true that Article XXIII. of the Hague Convention makes it illegal to destroy the enemy's property, but it adds: "Unless such destruction be imperatively demanded by the necessities of war." Dr. Doyle holds that nothing is more imperative in war than keeping open communications with and between the armies. A previous clause of the same article makes it illegal to "kill or wound treacherously individuals belonging to the hostile army." It is incontestable, declares Dr. Doyle, that to use the cover of a farm-house which flies the white flag in order to make attacks is to "kill or wound treacherously," and so the action of the British becomes legal. Of the six hundred and thirty buildings which are known to have been destroyed, more than half, says Dr. Doyle, were used by snipers, or in some other direct fashion have brought the occupants within the laws of warfare. The destruction of the rest, with crops and herds, is offset against the destruction by Boers of British supply-trains on which the army depended for its food.

When considerable districts were thus cleared in order to hamper the movements of the commandos, it became evident that it was the duty of the British, as a civilized people, to form camps of refuge for the women and children, where, out of reach of harm, they could await the return of peace. Three courses were open, according to Dr. Doyle: (1) To send the Boer women and children into the Boer lines—an impossible course because the Boer army had broken into scattered bands and had no longer any definite lines; (2) to leave them were they were; (3) to gather them together and care for them. Action was made necessary by the fact that not only must burned-out families be given a shelter, but no woman on a lonely farm was safe amid a black population, even if she had the means of procuring food. From the end of 1900 to the end of 1901 the numbers of the inmates of the refugees' camps increased from twenty thousand to more than one hundred thousand. Early in 1901 Miss Hobhouse's report created a painful impression; her charges were that the diet was not sufficient in the camps, that there was little bedding, that the water supply was short, that the sanitation was bad, that there was overcrowding, and that the death-rate was excessive. Dr. Doyle confesses that the diet was a spare one; that, as to the inadequacy of the water supply, lack of water is the curse of all South Africa, which alternately suffers from having too much water and too little; that the defects in sanitation were due to the habits of the inmates, against which commandants and doctors were perpetually fighting; that on the question of overcrowding, the demand for tents had overtaxed the power of the authorities, but that the evil had been remedied; that as to the excessive mortality, especially among children, the disease mainly responsible for it had no direct connection with anything which it was in the power of the British to alter. The cause of the mortality is said to be a severe form of measles.

Apart from that the record of the camps would have been a very fair one. Now, measles, when once introduced among children, runs through a community without any regard to diet or conditions of life. The only possible hope is the segregation of the sufferer. To obtain this early quarantine the co-operation of the parent is needed; but in the case in point, the Boer mothers, with a natural instinct, preferred to cling to the children, and to make it difficult for the medical men to remove them in the first stages of the disease. The result was a rapid spread of the epidemic, which was the more fatal as many of the sufferers were in low health, owing to the privation unavoidably endured on the journey from their own homes to the camps.

In his "Great Boer War" Dr. Doyle gave considerable credit to the Boers, and affirmed that they had been the victims of cheap slander in the press, and that to discredit their valor would be to discredit British victory. He characterized as a calumny the story that the Boers had hoisted the white flag as a cold-blooded device for luring the British into the open. This was his judgment in November, 1900. He now declares that these words could not be written to-day. "Had the war only ended when it should have ended, the combatants might have separated each with a chivalrous feeling of respect for a knightly antagonist. . . . So long as an excuse could be found for a brave enemy, we found it; but the day is rapidly

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approaching when we must turn to the world with our evidence and say, 'Are these the deeds of soldiers or of brigands? If they act as brigands, why must we forever treat them as soldiers?'"

Dr. Doyle declares that, from the first, the position of the Boers was entirely irregular as regards the recognized rules of warfare. The very first article of the Hague Convention insists that in order to claim belligerent rights an army must first wear an emblem visible at a distance. It is true, as Dr. Doyle admits, that the second article excuses from this rule a population which has no time to organize; but the Boers were the invaders at the outset of the war, and in view of their long and elaborate preparation he deems it absurd to say that they could not have furnished burghers and commandos with some distinctive badge. When they did make a change, it was for the worse from the British standpoint, for the Boers dressed themselves in the khaki uniforms of captured British soldiers, and by this means effected a number of surprises.

Again, the Boers began a systematic murdering of the Kaffirs, which Dr. Doyle thinks the most savage feature in the whole business. He says that the British could easily have swamped the whole Boer resistance at the beginning of the war by letting loose the Basutos, the Zulus, and the Swazis, all of whom have blood-feuds with the Boers. On both sides Kaffirs have been used as scouts, teamsters, and servants, but on neither side as soldiers. Realizing this, the Boers, when the war began to go against them, tried to terrorize the Kaffirs into deserting the British by killing them without mercy whenever they could be in any way connected with the British, and sometimes they even killed the children.

Thirdly, so long as the Boers were fighting as an army under the eyes of the honorable men who led them, their conduct was on the whole good, but guerrilla warfare brought with it demoralization. Dr. Doyle makes no assertion that the Boers behaved as did the Spanish guerrillas in 1810, or the Mexican in 1866, but he gives a number of instances which indicate nothing more or less than brigandage. Some of these instances, however, should now be offset by General Delarey's magnanimous treatment of Lord Methuen and the horrible story of wanton butchery by the British Bushveldt Carabineers.

The name Methuen recalls the author of that able and moderate pro-Boer statement entitled "Peace or War." Mr. Methuen holds that the war might have been avoided, and also that after it broke out the British might have found some terms which the Boers could accept. He draws a comparison between the situation and that which existed at the outbreak of the American Revolution. Dr. Doyle admits that there are points of resemblance—but also of difference. "Our cause was essentially unjust with the Americans and essentially just with the Boers. . . . The revolt of the Boer States is much more like the revolt of the Southern States against the Government at Washington. The situation here, after Colenso, was that of the North after Bull Run. Mr. Methuen has much to say of Boer bitterness, but was it greater than Southern bitterness? That war was fought to a finish, and we see what has come of it. . . . History has shown that it is the fights which are fought to an absolute finish which leave the least rancor. Remember Lee's noble words: 'We are a Christian people. We have fought this fight as long and as well as we knew how. We have been defeated. For us, as a Christian people, there is now but one course to pursue. We must accept the situation.' That is how a brave man accepts the judgment of the God of Battles."

Mr. Methuen is severe on Lord Salisbury for the uncompromising nature of the Government's reply to the President's overtures for peace two years ago; but Dr. Doyle asks what other practical course could Mr. Methuen suggest. "Is it not evident that, if independence were left to the Boer, the war would have been without result, since all the causes which led to it would still be unsolved? On the morrow of such a peace we should be faced by the franchise question, the Uitlander question, and every other question for the settling of which we have made such sacrifice. Is that a sane policy? Is it even tenable on the grounds of humanity, since it is perfectly clear that it must lead to another and greater struggle in the course of a few years?"

Four-fifths of the fighting force of the former Boer republics is already in the

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hands of the British, claims Dr. Doyle, and, while the fifth remaining diminishes week by week, British mobility and efficiency increase. "It is mathematically certain that a very few months must see the last commando hunted down." Few observers, pro-Boer or pro-British, are so optimistic.

Readings from Recent Poetry—III.

SEVERAL years ago poems in an unusual vein began to appear in the magazines, and those who study the verse of the day with some care were quick to recognize a note which was not without suggestions of earlier modes of song, but was also pre-eminently individualistic. The writer of these fugitive poems was Miss Anna Hempstead Branch, a recent graduate of Smith College, whose college work had disclosed a freshness and originality which predicted the later unfolding of her gift for song. For a gift she undoubtedly has—a gift at once real and elusive; distinctly felt but difficult to analyze. She has evidently read with something more than intellectual interest the old ballads of a semi-mystical, semi-religious quality. The affinities of her imagination and some of the effects of her verse are to be sought in mediæval sentiment and point of view. Occasionally there is a suggestion of Christina Rossetti; a hint of the mystical devoutness, the mediæval fancy, of a woman whose imagination bore the impress of Italy rather than of England. This does not mean that Miss Branch is imitative; on the contrary, she has evidently material of her own in abundance; it does mean that she contributes to one of the rivulets of song rather than to its main current, that she stands apart from the contemporary makers of verse, and that her affiliations must be sought in a much earlier period of English verse.

The volume of her collected verse bears a significant title and the imprint of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. One who reads "The Heart of the Road and Other Poems" with care will catch again and again the ballad note without the ballad form; the narrative of mystical experience, without action and yet suggesting an inevitable and fateful progression; he will note also the mediæval simplicity of spirit—a simplicity of attitude, but not of fancy or of expression. Miss Branch is at times elusive, vague, and shadowy rather than suggestive; these are the faults of her highly individualistic imagination and manner. She is never commonplace, however; and she is often deeply and intimately poetic. A single selection will indicate but cannot fully reveal the quality of her fancy:

THE SHADOW OF A CLOUD

All day the small cloud floated by
Like a white bird beneath the sun.
There was never a cloud in all the sky
As white as that least one.

"All day long," quoth the little gray shadow,
"I climb this hillside green and steep.
The shepherd sings to his flocks all day,
But I am not his to keep.
My ways are wide, though I be gray
As the least wayworn sheep.

"I dream, I dream," quoth the little gray shadow,
"And in my dreams there be
A blowing cloak and the breath of a pipe,
And many a one like me.
My shepherd is in my dreams; my ways
Are with his song," quoth he.

"Along the road o' the wind and sun
I journey up the mountain-side,
And there are flowers or dust or stone
In the places where I bide,
And there is wind in the thick green grass,
And birds at eventide."

All day the small cloud floated by
Like white lily under the sun.
There was never a cloud in all the sky
As white as that least one.

"I dream, I dream," quoth the little gray shadow,
"In sooth, I do not know,
But on those wild wind-hills I see
A white cloud come and go.
Like wind in grass amid my dreams
The stars weave to and fro.

"My heart is strange," quoth the little gray shadow,
"My thoughts are strange and far.
The bird in the grass has brushed his wings,
Sings he, against a star!"
The shadow i' the grass has leagues to run
Where the brown earth pastures are.

"I dream, I dream," quoth the little gray shadow,
That slipped over water and stone.

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"All day I sing to myself in my heart
That I travel or tarry alone,
But the bird in the grass has touched a cloud,
And my ways are not my own!"

All day the small cloud floated by
Alone in the wide space under the sun.
There was never a cloud in all the sky
As white as that least one.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Addresses of the International Prophetic Conference. Held December 10-15, 1901, in the Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, Mass. Watchword & Truth, P.O. Box 5,326, Boston, Mass. 6×9 in. 158 pages.

American Citizenship. (Yale Lectures.) By David J. Brewer. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4⅞×7½ in. 131 pages. 75c., net.

A lay sermon has a peculiarly effective quality, owing perhaps to the obvious absence of professionalism, and these lectures are lay sermons of a high order. They constitute, in fact, a series of baccalaureate addresses, admirably suited to the needs of young men about to enter upon the responsibilities of citizenship. The new Yale course of lectures upon this subject established by Mr. Dodge could not easily have been started upon a plane of greater moral elevation.

American Communities. By William Alfred Hinds, Ph.B. (Revised Edition.) Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. 5¼×7¾ in. 433 pages. $1.

A sympathetic, discriminating, and generally accurate account of the communistic societies that have at any time been started in this country. Nearly forty such societies are described at some length—the author having in nearly all cases visited the society in person, or come into direct personal relations with members. The author frankly recognizes the partial or complete failure of most of the experiments he records, but the study of the record has not destroyed his own fine faith that the time is yet to be when men shall live together in the unity and equality which the pioneers of communism have cherished as an ideal and attempted to make real. The present edition of this unpretentious but interesting and valuable little volume is a revision and enlargement of one published nearly a quarter of a century ago. It not only brings down to date the accounts of the earlier communities that still survive, but describes briefly the more recent experiments, including the Ruskin Co-operative Colony, and even the Co-operative Association of America recently started in Lewiston, Maine.

Among the Night People. By Clara Dillingham Pierson. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 221 pages. $1, net.

An excellent little book is this for young people. In the form of stories the ways and habits of animals more active at night than in daytime are given. There are stories of "Wigglers who Become Mosquitoes," "The Night Moth Party," "The Lonely Old Bachelor Muskrat," "The Lazy Cut Worms," "The Greedy Red Fox," "The Thrifty Deer Mouse," "The Unfortunate Fireflies," and many others.

Analytical Psychology: A Practical Manual for Colleges and Normal Schools. By Lightner Witmer. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5½×8¼ in. 251 pages. $1.50. (Postage, 10c.)

Annual Literary Index, 1901 (The). Edited by W. I. Fletcher and R. R. Bowker. Office of the Publishers' Weekly, New York. 7×10½ in. 279 pages.

We have more than once spoken of the value to all literary workers of this accurate compendium which indexes not only English and American periodicals, but also separate chapters of books, magazines, papers, and essays. It contains also a necrology, bibliography, and other literary aids.

Baird's Graded Work in Arithmetic. By S. W. Baird. (Eighth Year.) The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 159 pages. 25c.

Banquet Book (The). By Cuyler Reynolds. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 475 pages.

All noted toasts worth collecting will be found in these pages, together with something that may be made to serve in lieu of impromptu wit for almost any situation in which one may find himself placed. Every great poet from Shakespeare down is levied upon for quotations—not only the English poets, but French, German, Spanish, Italian, and Greek.

Book of Epigrams (A). Gathered by Ralph A. Lyon. William S. Lord, Evanston, Ill. 5×6½ in. 24 pages. 25c., net.

Brief on Immortality. By D. Ostrander, M. A. Donohue & Co., Chicago. 4½×7 in. 137 pages.

Cape Cod Ballads and Other Verse. By Joe Lincoln. Illustrated. Albert Brandt, Trenton, N. J. 5×8 in. 198 pages. $1.25, net.

This volume includes some capital dialect verse of which no description would do so well as a quotation. We take one at random from "The Reg'lar Army Man:"

> They ain't no tears shed over him
> When he goes off ter war,
> He gits no speech nor prayerful "preach"
> From mayor or governor;
> He packs his little knapsack up
> And trots off in the van,
> Ter start the fight and start it right,
> The Reg'lar Army man;
> The rattlin', battlin',
> Colt or Gatlin',
> Reg'lar Army man.

Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines. By Clyde Fitch. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 6×8¼ in. 166 pages. $1.25, net.

This play has had some success on the stage, largely owing to the amusement caused by

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the reproduction of the dress and manners of a generation ago, and to the personal attractiveness of the actress who takes the leading rôle. Something, certainly, other than literary merit must be found to account for the success.

Carpenter's Geographical Reader—Europe. By Frank G. Carpenter. With Maps and Illustrations. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 456 pages. 70c.

Carpenter Prophet (The). By Charles William Pearson. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 4¾×7½ in. 288 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Catalogue of German, French, Spanish, and Italian Books. Published by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5×7 in. 106 pages.

Celestial Message (A). Recorded by Erastus C. Gaffield. (Private Edition.) Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×7¾ in. 133 pages.

Coast of Freedom (The). By Adèle Marie Shaw. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 466 pages. $1.50.

That abnormal period of ever fresh interest and wonderment, the witchcraft craze of early Boston, forms the groundwork of this tale. A natural and sympathetic love story is interwoven with the record of the often harsh treatment and hard adventures of the early settlers; and whoever has taken the trouble to look into the records left by Cotton Mather himself can hardly fail to perceive that the author has let her imagination play to some purpose upon the mental subtlety, gloomy mysticism, and over-active conscience of that famous worthy. The spirit of the time is caught in a manner that convinces the reader.

Contentio Veritatis: Essays in Constructive Theology. By Six Oxford Tutors. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¾×9 in. 311 pages. $3.50, net.

A steady stream of publications from progressive theologians of the Church of England attests the mistakenness of those who speak of the Broad Church party as no more. Not by any means extinct, it has been rather absorbed, and spreads by its absorption. Throughout this volume it is conspicuous. Its "contention for truth" discusses Theism as the basis of Christianity, the Person and Teaching of Christ, the Scriptures as affected by modern criticism, the Church and the Sacraments. Learning and piety are interfused throughout, and as a whole it presents a remarkable composite of progressive and conservative tendencies. Deeply penetrated by the modern spirit is its strong attachment to ancient doctrine. This results in some apparent incongruities. *E. g.:* "Every human soul is an emanation from the divine, a reproduction of the divine." On the other hand, the idea of a divine incarnation in the race is not admitted; only the single instance affirmed by the catholic tradition. It is held that the solitary instance of the union of God and man is found in the sinless Christ, and that "inspiration is not confined to the Bible, but found there to an extent in which it is present in no other literature." Again: the doctrine of the Trinity is taken "as presented in the fully developed scholastic teaching of St. Thomas Aquinas," together with the fifth-century doctrine of "two natures, two wills," in Christ. On the other hand, a considerable legendary element is recognized in the Bible, especially in reference to miracles. As regards the Church the distinctively "broad" view is taken that "there can be no unalterable form" for its life. But Calvin's repudiation of the doctrine of baptismal regeneration is set down as not true. The composite here observable of characteristic elements of warring schools of religious thought marks the transitional stage of theology through which the Church is passing. On account of this transitional character these studies will commend themselves to many minds in whom the reconstructive theological process is going on. Such theological incongruities need not detract from a cordial appreciation of the essentially open-minded and progressive character of these papers. Rather less venial is the philosophical incongruity of bringing into the idealist's argument for theism such a contra-idealist dictum as "everything that is real is limited. . . . The real is necessarily finite." The genuine idealist affirms that the rational is the real; the moral is the real; the spiritual is the real; and there can be no theism that does not recognize all of these as transcending the category of the finite.

Damsel or Two (A). By F. Frankfort Moore. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 371 pages. $1.50.

This is not a deep story, but it is a readable one. Those who have become acquainted with Mr. Moore's work through his "A Nest of Linnets," "The Jessamy Bride," etc., will find in it the same easy, crisp, seemingly spontaneous brightness which marked those stories. This, his latest work, deals with life of the present day, and the efforts of two daughters of one of the oldest houses in England to retrieve their father's fallen fortunes. In this they are aided by the keen journalistic sense and worldly knowledge of the rector's son. The way in which well-bred women are handicapped in the race as breadwinners is exposed with truth at once ruthless and sportive, and social meannesses are laid open to view without any hedging.

Daniel Everton, Volunteer-Regular. By Israel Putnam. Illustrations. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 407 pages. $1.20, net. (Postage, 10c.)

There is a love story with all the usual accompaniments of heroism and sacrifice here, yet the work is saved from being commonplace because the events are very modern and the setting somewhat novel. The whole situation grows out of the conditions attendant upon military service in the Philippines. Some telling contrasts are drawn in the depicting of contact between Americans and the former, and situations rich in latent humor are described.

Democracy and Social Ethics. By Jane Addams. (The Citizen's Library.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ pages. $1.25.

Reserved for later notice.

Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall. By Charles Major. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 369 pages. $1.50.

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Der Traum, ein Leben. By Franz Grillparzer. Edited by Edward Stockton Meyer. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5×7 in. 128 pages. 60c.

Dickey Downey: The Autobiography of a Bird. By Virginia Sharpe Patterson. Illustrated. (Phœnix Edition.) A. J. Rowland, 1420 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. 3½×6¼ in. 192 pages.

Double-Barrelled Detective Story (A). By Mark Twain. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7¾ in. 179 pages. $1.50, net.

To many readers the incongruous plan on which this "double-barrelled" story is written will be an insuperable obstacle to its enjoyment. The first part is not only tragic but revolting in its description of cruelty; from this Mark Twain, in the latter half of the story, leaps lightly to sheer burlesque—and, it seems to us, burlesque not in the author's best vein.

Ellen Terry and Her Sisters. By T. Edgar Pemberton. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×8¾ in. 314 pages. $3.50, net. (Postage, 19c.)

This book tells the story of an honorable theatrical history running back to the days of the greatest of the Kembles, and also gives letters which show the intimate business connection that existed between Miss Terry's grandfather and Sir Walter Scott. The author tries to show that Miss Terry's charm is less a matter of art than an emanation from a rare personality. By related facts and letters he shows also the unbounded kindliness of nature of this rare artist and woman.

Empire of Business (The). By Andrew Carnegie. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 6¼×10 in. 345 pages. $3, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Evolution and Man: Here and Hereafter. By John Wesley Conley, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 172 pages. 75c., net.

In the first part of this volume Dr. Conley presents the scientific aspects of the problem, and places himself squarely on the accepted scientific positions as to the past. For the future he augurs an evolution of spiritual nature "full of marvelous forces and undreamed possibilities," but marked by an epoch of explosive change analogous to past telluric catastrophes. In the second part he takes up the Biblical teachings concerning man, and at various points endeavors to mitigate apparent breaks with evolutionary principles. In this the result is not always as satisfactory as in the other section of the book, but it helps to bridge the gulf that many encounter between the old and the new way of looking at the subject. That the gulf is no longer a serious one for Dr. Conley is apparent in his belief that Christ would have been needed as "life-bringer" even in a sinless world, and from his acceptance of Professor Le Conte's definition of miracle as "a phenomenon according to a law higher than any yet known"—a definition which removes the scientific objection by making miracle a case of human ignorance rather than of divine interference.

Field Book of American Wild Flowers. By F. Schuyler Mathews. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 4×7 in. 552 pages.

Exactly described by its title; this small but rather thick book may easily be slipped into the pocket. Its arrangement is most compact and simple; its pictures (some of which are colored) bring the flowers and plants close to the eye; the facts about them are clearly told; the indexes are reliable.

Financial Philosophy (The). By George Wilson. Donohue, Henneberry & Co., Chicago. 5×7½ in. 264 pages. 50c.

Foreign Missions. By Henry H. Montgomery, D.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7 in. 169 pages. 90c., net.

Our country, especially in the Carolinas, is much in debt to the venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, founded two centuries since, and during our colonial period devoting its main strength to American missions. The author of this handbook is Secretary of this Society. He has in mind the instruction of the Anglican clergy, but is in sympathy with every missionary church. In concise and comprehensive form he gives account of the various religions of the world, and the races labored for, including the American Indian and negro. It may be read with profit by Christians of all denominations.

Forest Neighbors: Life Stories of Wild Animals. By William Davenport Hulbert. Illustrated. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 241 pages. $1.50, net. (Postage, 16c.)

This book has a sort of special claim among the multitude of nature studies now being issued for popular use, for its author may be said to have lived with nature rather than to have made special jaunts into the forest to study the wild creatures whom he so lovingly describes. In an introductory chapter Mr. Hulbert tells the story of his father's purchase of a wild strip of land along the Michigan lakes and the family's removal thither in his boyhood, where not even Indians were found for neighbors—nothing but the wild creatures, who soon became so friendly that some of them took to domiciling themselves with the family. The biographies he gives of beavers, lynx, deer, porcupine, trout, loon, etc., cannot fail to interest all, especially the young.

Fragments in Philosophy and Science: Being Collected Essays and Addresses. By James Mark Baldwin. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6×9 in. 389 pages. $2.50, net.

The essays and addresses here collected include philosophical, critical, historical, and psychological studies, in all of which whatever Professor Baldwin has to say commands the attention of a large though scattered audience. Psychological subjects, of course, bulk largely in the volume. In this field of science America fears comparison with no other country. In regard to the psychology of religion Professor Baldwin holds differently from Mr. Kidd: "Religion is a brake upon the wheel of social evolution;" it is a conservative, not a progressive, force. This seems to us simply the other side of the shield. In his essay on "The Cosmical and Moral," and elsewhere, Professor Baldwin expresses the opinion that it is "in the æsthetic category, rather than in either that of truth or moral worth," that the cosmical processes will finally become susceptible of a moral interpretation.

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Gipsy Smith: His Life and Work. By Himself. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 330 pages. $1.50, net.

Born a Gipsy, converted to Christianity, a working soldier in the Salvation Army, and, later still, an evangelical preacher widely known in America as well as in his native England, Rodney Smith relates all the incidents of his life in a goodly sized volume. It is a simple record, revealing a man highly gifted as a natural preacher of the Gospel. There are introductions by Alexander McLaren and G. Campbell Morgan.

He's Coming To-Morrow. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 21 pages.

Heroine of the Strait (The): A Romance of Detroit in the Time of Pontiac. By Mary Catherine Crowley. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 373 pages. $1.50.

A romance treating of a very notable event in American history—the surrender of Detroit to the English and the conspiracy of the great Indian chief Pontiac. The book is more carefully written than are historical romances in general, and the chief characters are studied from documents of the period.

Hezekiah's Wives. By Lillie Hamilton French. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 116 pages. $1.85, net.

Reserved for later notice.

History of Geology and Palæontology to the End of the Nineteenth Century. By Karl Alfred von Zittel. Translated by Maria M. Ogilvie-Gordon, D.Sc., Ph.D. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4¾×7½ in. 562 pages. $1.50.

The advance of these, as of the other sciences, to their present positions has been a long climb, often devious, whose route is marked by the theories that have dropped defunct on the way. In this volume the story of the climb is told, and the positions held are stated by a distinguished European scientist with observance of due proportion between the less and the more important. The translator should not have forgotten that German miles require to be translated into English measure. For Germans the earth is, as stated, 1,719 miles in diameter, but in an English version the English figures should have been given, 7,900+. The sun is 1,300,000 times larger than the earth, and not merely "more than a hundred times," a statement true of the sun's diameter, but not of its mass. Such little slips in a work of this character require immediate correction.

History of Scotland. By P. Hume Brown, M.A., LL.D. (The Cambridge Historical Series.) The Macmillan Co., New York. With Seven Maps. 2 vols. 5×7½ in. $3.25.

These volumes supply what does not elsewhere exist—a compendious history of Scotland from the Roman occupation, A.D. 88, to the revolution which finally dethroned the Stuart dynasty in 1688. From previous histories it differs materially in the narrative from the middle of the fourteenth century onward, as required by the fresh historical materials recently obtained. In the history of the earlier period there is also some modification of conclusions accepted by recent writers. The historian of Scotland has still to lament the meager information accessible on some interesting periods, as the struggle for independence, and the reign of James I. Traditional impressions of chronic disorder and misery in the time of the first Stuart kings receive correction from Dr. Brown's account of expansion in every line of social progress. The disastrous field of Flodden did at a stroke for Scotland, in ridding her of turbulent nobles, what it required the long and brutalizing War of the Roses to do for England. The significance for Scotland of the revolution of 1688 was the final subordination of the theological to the secular spirit in national affairs. The history of Scotland is peculiarly attractive, while more imperfectly known than that of England. In tracing the gradual consolidation of the elements that have entered into the making of a noble people Dr. Brown has produced a classic work.

History of Slavery in Virginia (A). By James Curtis Ballagh. The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore, Md. 6×9¼ in. 160 pages. $1.50.

An able monograph written from the standpoint of a Southerner, bringing out sharply the fine record of Virginia in its colonial protests against the continuance of the slave trade, and dwelling chiefly upon the less harmful features of the relationship of master and slave. Though the subject of the volume is somewhat broader than its title indicates, the author has made his history of the institution of slavery much more illuminating by the intensive study of its development in a single commonwealth than had he attempted to cover the other Southern States.

Honor of the Braxtons (The). By J. William Fosdick. Illustrated. The J. F. Taylor Co., New York. 5×8¼ in. 305 pages. $1.50.

The tone of this story is more romantic than real. Its interest centers in the stirring pictures of student life in Paris ateliers, the jealousies which arise, and the French prejudice against foreign students. The main personages are two young American men—one from Virginia, the other from Boston—and an American girl student, all inseparable friends. Their relations to an incredibly wicked young Englishwoman and several French people furnish the dramatic episodes with which the story bristles. The scenes shift from Paris to Normandy and among the peasant class. The story is rich in illustrations of quaintly charming nooks in Normandy, which to many may prove much more interesting than the story itself.

International Student's Atlas of Modern Geography (The). A Series of 105 Physical, Political, and Statistical Maps compiled from British and Foreign Surveys, under the Direction of J. G. Bartholomew, F.R.S.E., etc. George Newnes, London. Sold by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 9¾×13 in. 160 pages. $2.25, net.

A striking feature of this work consists in its special maps; these portray ocean currents, tides, and drainage areas, temperatures, rainfalls, characteristic vegetation, orography, geology, ethnology, density of population, prevailing religions, and commerce. We would call special attention to the page devoted to etymology, giving the root and meaning of many foreign words which as prefixes and affixes frequently enter into the composition of geographical names; for instance, "ley,"

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the Saxon for "meadow;" "bazar," Turkish for "town;" "dar," Arabic for "land," and "tung," Chinese for "east." The page recounting the names of the explorers of the world, with the places and dates of their explorations, is, we think, unique in books of this kind. As might be expected, the most detailed treatment in the atlas is given to the British Isles; the work here is apparently more carefully done than in—to an American reader—the too undetailed American maps. In the latter we notice on page 73 that the Saco River seemingly takes a wrong course; there are also a few misspellings—on the same page "Ossipea," and on the following page "Sebogo" and "Soco." The engraving throughout the work is particularly clear and grateful to weak eyes.

Japan To-Day. By Alfred Stead. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 250 pages.

An enthusiastic account of Japan, written by a journalist of ability, who was assisted in his investigations in an exceptional degree by Japanese officials. It is, however, the externalities that are described rather than the inner spirit of the institutions or the thoughts and feelings of the people.

Kentons (The). By W. D. Howells. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 317 pages. $1.50.

In some of Mr. Howells's stories he is entertaining; in some he is subtle; in some he combines the two things—and to this last class belongs "The Kentons." There is plenty of study of temperament, but the analysis never becomes a serious burden, while the humor of the book is spontaneous and infectious. The action takes place in an Ohio town, in New York, on board an ocean steamship, and in Holland. The heroine has the misfortune to fall in love with an insolent scamp who insults her family and herself, and it is her struggle to rid herself of the tender feeling toward him, which yet is joined with contempt and disapproval, that forms the central situation of the story. Of course a worthy lover appears in due time, and although we note with wonder that "his chin had a slight whopper-jaw twist that was charming," we rejoice in his successful wooing. Several of the minor characters are notably well done.

Lady Paramount (The). By Henry Harland. John Lane, New York. 5×7¾ in. 292 pages. $1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Lessons on the Gospel of St. Mark. (The Guild Text-Books.) By Rev. A. Irvine Robertson, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 4×6¾ in. 149 pages. 40c., net.

List of Books Relating to Trusts (A). By A. P. C. Griffin. (Second Edition.) The Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 7½×10¾ in. 41 pages.

A second and enlarged edition of a valuable bibliography of trust literature, including not only the books on the subject, but the more important articles in periodicals. In the introduction the author gives a discriminating list of the works most valuable to the general student. In publishing a little volume of this sort the Library of Congress performs a National service.

Little Stories for Little People. By Annie Willis McCullough. Illustrated. (Eclectic School Readings.) The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 128 pages. 25c.

Lost on the Orinoco. By Edward Stratemeyer. (Pan-American Series.) Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 4¼×7½ in. 312 pages. $1.25.

This story relates the experiences of a group of boys who started under care of their tutor from New York for Venezuela. They touched at many places *en route*—Curaçao, La Guayra, Maento, etc.—before drifting into the mighty Orinoco. The adventures and scenes described are of the sort to charm the hearts of adventurous boys.

Maid of Montauk. By Forest Monroe. William R. Jenkins, 851 Sixth Ave., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 164 pages. $1, net. (Postage, 7c.)

Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature. By George Brandes. In 6 vols. Vol. II. **The Romantic School in Germany (1873).** The Macmillan Co., New York. 3½×9 in. 329 pages. $2.75.

The first volume in this series, which treated at length the Emigrant Literature, was reviewed in The Outlook last autumn. The second volume gives an account of the "Romantic School in Germany," with studies of Schlegel, Tieck, and Jean Paul, Schleiermacher, Novalis, Armin, and Brentano, and other figures in a very interesting and significant movement. The volume will be reviewed more fully when the series has progressed further.

Malvern Country (The). By Bertram C. A. Windle, D. Sc., F.R.S., F.S.A. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 4×6 in. 236 pages.

Is a small and tastefully made guide-book of the better sort, which aims to put into the hands of the traveler and reader historical and architectural information about the places of interest in the Malvern country. These places include not only the Malvern Hills, but Worcester, Hereford, and Tewkesbury. The little volume is illustrated.

Margaret Tudor: A Romance of Old St. Augustine. By Annie T. Colcock. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 169 pages. $1.

The incidents of this romance appear to have been inspired by certain names found in the records of South Carolina settlers—some English, some Spanish officials. The love tale is cast in the form of a diary kept by Margaret Tudor, a captive English girl. The story is well told save as it is marred by pictures of Spanish cruelty so overwrought as to seem senseless.

Margaret Vincent. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 356 pages. $1.50.

This is a well-written story. The gravitation of human sympathy that draws the man of titled family and small means, who has been battered by fate into marriage with the widow of a well-to-do farmer, is handled with skill and a knowledge of human nature. The character of this woman, who becomes the mother of Margaret Vincent, is one of rare beauty. As a foil to these three is Hannah, the daughter of Mrs. Vincent's first husband, and also the other people with whom Hannah brings them into contact. A clever study in worldliness, too, is Mrs. Lakeman, the Bishop's

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daughter and Vincent's early love. Altogether this is an entertaining story of English life.

Michael Ferrier. By E. Frances Poynter. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 307 pages. $1.50.

There are deliberation, poise, and purpose in this story; although the purpose most apparent is only to show how a youth born to wealth and position, and free from personal vices, may be overshadowed by tragic doom. In style and grasp the book has merit, but its tone is pessimistic to a degree.

Minority (The). By Frederick Trevor Hill. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 406 pages. $1.50.

A story of New York life to-day, with an undercurrent of sociological motive. It pictures a young man of noble and humane views, who inherited large factories founded by his grandfather and father, outwitted by an older man purporting to be his friend, with whose daughter he is in love. The story is vivid through its presentation of local haunts and the interests most dominant in the metropolis to-day. The social tone and ways of the "smart set" are unmistakable. Political tactics and labor union delegates are scored. There are interesting situations and snatches of smart conversation and repartee.

Misdemeanors of Nancy (The). By Eleanor Hoyt. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 213 pages. $1.50.

This book purports to tell the adventures of a frivolous but sound-hearted coquette. It is light to the point of being frothy, but it is entirely free from any morbid or objectionable pages—which is more than can be said of some other books dealing with the same general subject. Some of the adventures of Nancy are told with considerable spirit, but one gets rather more of them before the book is ended than one really cares for.

Mississippi Bubble (The). By Emerson Hough. Illustrated. The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 5×7½ in. 452 pages.

Had the personages here described proved themselves less interesting than they really are, this tale would still repay a reading, since it serves to show how the much-hackneyed historical romance may at any time take on a new lease of life when its events are brought to play before the ken of a creative imagination. The period chosen is far from new to romance—that of the reign of William and Mary in England and the closing days of Louis XIV. and the subsequent regency of Philippe of Orleans in France. The scene opens in England, shifts to America, or rather New France, and culminates in Paris. The leading characters are strikingly picturesque, and the notable scenes stand out with the distinctness of a stage setting. The hero, John Law, of Lauriston, projector of the Mississippi Bubble, is depicted with masterly skill. The author's obvious aim in choosing Law as his chief character appears to have grown out of the desire to cast upon an enlarged canvas the achievements possible to a human being born with exceptional financial talents and with the audacity to keep those talents in motion at whatever cost. If there is a lurking satire behind the two pictures of Law as a prince of private gambling-tables in London and Paris, and as the floater of vast national financial schemes, the author has the art to keep all mockery in abeyance, while forcing upon the reader's consciousness the strong family likeness which exists between the methods that insure success in both. Added to his genius for finance, Law has, as depicted in this story, the manners of a courtier, the magnetic courage that hypnotizes others to one's will, and, when needed, the reticence of a diplomat. Yet withal the common weakness of man makes him but a fool in the toils of an unprincipled woman, despite his undying devotion to a woman worthy of the best in manhood. In this tacit portrayal of the difference between the strength of a man's love and the weakness of his passions, Mr. Hough is at his best.

Mosaics from India: Talks about India, Its Peoples, Religions, and Customs. By Margaret B. Denning. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, 5½×8¼ in. 296 pages. $1.25, net.

The reader is at once introduced to an "at home" of the Sorosis Club of Bombay, mostly composed of Parsee ladies, with some Mohammedans and Hindus and a few English and Americans. The following chapters lead on through city and country, with visits to palaces and tombs, and notes on social customs and religion. The author's main interest is in the hard lot of her own sex, and in the efforts making to realize for them the hope that breathes in the motto of the Bombay Sorosis: "Tell them the world was made for women also." Numerous illustrations accompany her narrative.

Nathan Hale: The Ideal Patriot. By William Ordway Partridge. Illustrated. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 125 pages. $1. (Postage, 10c.)

Although this little volume adds no new matter to the little actually known of Nathan Hale, it is a thoughtful and sympathetic summing up of the story of that brave youth told from the point of view of one who seeks to interpret him through artistic insight and intuition. Mr. Partridge also throws out incidentally some valuable hints anent reading the family likenesses in men individually different who belong to the same historic periods—the habits of thought stamped on contemporary historic groups, so to speak.

Nature Study and Life. By Clifton F. Hodge, Ph.D. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 514 pages.

This is a charming book, full of a varied interest in the plants, insects, birds, and larger animals that come under observation in house or garden. The author's method is original, but has passed through the experimental stage by years of successful testing in the public schools of Worcester. President Stanley Hall in his introduction affirms that no other of the numerous books of its class "has gone so far toward solving the burning question of nature teaching." While level to the capacity of children, it is a book which many adults will find both entertaining and instructive. Its

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value is enhanced by its constant reference to the practical utilizing of acquired knowledge.

Nestlings of Forest and Marsh. By Irene Grosvenor Wheelock. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5¼×7½ in. 257 pages.

This little volume is entitled to rank well among the nature books now so popular. It eschews scientific technicalities and gives mainly the results of personal observation in narrative form. It bears the stamp of painstaking research and a desire for accuracy.

Old Bergen: History and Reminiscences, with Maps and Illustrations. By Daniel Van Winkle. John W. Harrison, Jersey City, N. J. 5½×8½ in. 319 pages.

Old Glory and the Gospel in the Philippines. By Alice Byram Condict, M.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 124 pages. 75c., net.

Old Royal Palace of Whitehall (The). By Edgar Sheppard, D.D. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 6×9 in. 415 pages. $7.50.

The memories of Henry VIII., Wolsey, James I., and above all Charles I., cling to Whitehall, once York House, now represented only by the famous Banqueting House designed by Inigo Jones. In Whitehall took place the pageants, shows, and masques of the Stuart reigns. Its art treasures were many and noble, and the destruction caused by the fire of 1698 included many famous pictures, as well as superb wall decoration and treasures of many kinds. Dean Shepard has told the romantic and dramatic story of Whitehall and its associations with skill and a knowledge derived from long and careful antiquarian research. His volume is amply and richly illustrated, and is in all points a fine specimen of bookmaking.

Opponents (The). By Harrison Robertson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×7½ in. 355 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Robertson's previous novels have shown that he is at home in depicting Kentucky political and social life. The present book deals with the same subject but is hardly an advance on its predecessors. The situation put before the reader at the outset is a disagreeable one, and the unpleasant impression made is not entirely compensated for by the really charming pictures of Kentucky women which follow; while the political thread of the story is dwelt upon rather too strongly for the sake of the literary balance of the book.

Outlaws (The). By Le Roy Armstrong. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 320 pages. $1.75.

The life of early settlers in Indiana, with incidents relating to politics and canal-building, raids by outlaws, horse-stealing, primitive social enjoyments, and many phases of Western life sixty or seventy years ago. The literary workmanship is a little crude and the story lacks crispness, but the material is distinctly new and interesting.

Parables of Our Lord (The). By Marcus Dods, D.D. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7½ in. 433 pages. $1.50.

A beaten track is generally followed by writers on this subject, with such variations as rise from slightly varying points of view. Rarely is such originality of treatment shown as in Dr. Wolcott Calkins's little book "Parables for Our Times." With none of this, Dr. Dods in this volume exhibits the appreciative spiritual insight and the lucid treatment that have given him high rank as an instructive expositor of the Bible.

Pen Pictures from Ruskin. Selected and Arranged by Caroline A. Wurtzburg. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 4×5¼ in. 196 pages. $1.

Philip Longstreth. By Marie van Vorst. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 396 pages. $1.50.

This story touches, though not deeply, upon some of the sociological themes now to the front. The incidents take place in or around New York. A young man of fortune elects to become a practical philanthropist, and, with this in view, purchases a factory near the Hudson. A beautiful Maine girl, working in the factory, plays a prominent part. Another woman who helps to make or mar Philip's career is an aristocratic society belle. The working out of the story shows how class distinction can overcome natural attractions. Class feelings, business greed, legal cunning, and the conflicting methods of native and foreign population, aid in forming the situations, some of which are really dramatic, and all sufficiently sensational to interest the average reader.

Rustler (The). A Tale of Love and War. By Frances McElrath. Illustrated. The Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 425 pages. $1.20, net. (Postage, 14c.)

This story possesses the sort of interest that belongs to scenes and conditions of life remote from readers in general. It depicts ranch life in the Wyoming of the past, when the "Rustler war"—the stealing and branding of cattle as their own by cowboy adventurers—was in progress. The motive is furnished by the coquetting of a young lady from the East with the affections of a cowboy chief, and his revenge in kidnapping her and concealing her from her friends, while treating her with frozen respect.

Samuel de Champlain. By H. D. Sedgwick, Jr. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4¼×6¾ in. 126 pages. 65c., net.

An admirable example of biography which is condensed in form, without the sacrifice of interest or adequate statement of motives, character, and achievement. The story is one of the greatest in the early records of Colonial America. It has all the elements of romance without any sacrifice of historical solidity. Mr. Sedgwick has evidently mastered his material, and writes out of a full knowledge, with admirable sense of proportion, and in a very effective and interesting style.

Sermon on the Mount (The): Its Literary Structure and Didactic Purpose. By Benjamin W. Bacon, D.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×6½ in. 262 pages. $1.

In being essentially a text-book of the higher criticism this volume stands by itself among others that deal with its subject. The traditional opinion that Jesus uttered the Sermon on the Mount in the very form in which we read it, and the opinion of many modern critics that the writer of the first Gospel compiled it of many sayings of Jesus on various occa-

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sions, are both, in Dr. Bacon's view, incorrect. He regards Matthew v.—viii. as embodying the original of a discourse of Jesus on the Higher Righteousness, the unity of which is broken by the insertion at various points of other utterances of Jesus. The dissection of these restores its unity. The dissected material is then used in other connections, where it seems to belong, for the restoration of other connected discourses. These analytic and synthetic processes are fully exhibited in appendices, which form a full half of the volume. The first half presents the results of the processes thus justified in the form of a lecture given at Wellesley College, with some additions and annotations. Dr. Bacon's main contention regarding the Sermon on the Mount we regard as well grounded, and his restoration of other connected discourses as at least tentative approximations to a result in which every student of the Bible is deeply interested—the true form and connection in which the divinest of all teachers taught. To our existing apparatus for closer approach to the historical reality Dr. Bacon's work is a valuable addition.

Shall We Understand the Bible? By Rev. T. Rhondda Williams. (Revised and Enlarged Edition.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 85 pages. 50c.

Simple Rules for Bridge. By K. N. Steele. William R. Jenkins, 851 Sixth Avenue, New York. 4½×5¾ in. 32 pages. 50c.

Sylva and Other Poems. By Marie Louise Burge. Edwin S. Gorham, Fourth Ave. and 22d St., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 39 pages.

Translations from Lucian. By Augusta M. Campbell Davidson, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 256 pages. $2.

Lucian has often been called the most modern of the Greek authors. These specimens of his easy, philosophical talk about social and intellectual phases of the life about him will be new to most readers. They relate to religion, philosophy, or literature. The translation reads smoothly.

University Text-Book of Botany (A). By Douglas Houghton Campbell, Ph.D. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¾×9 in. 579 pages. $4.

The author is professor of botany in the Leland Stanford, Jr., University. He aims at a compact outline of the essentials of modern botany, and the work is intended rather as a book of reference than as a laboratory manual. The treatment is thorough and the text is elucidated by hundreds of drawings and a few photographs.

Verses. By Hallett Edward Abend. The Bulletin Printing House, Linneus, Mo. 6×8½ in. 58 pages. Paper bound.

Westcotes (The). By A. T. Quiller-Couch. (Griffin Series.) Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 289 pages. $1.

It is interesting to note that in this rather slender story Mr. Quiller-Couch has worked out another variation of the theme which was employed by Mr. Stevenson in his unfinished novel "St. Ives," and carried to its conclusion in that book so admirably by Mr. Quiller-Couch himself that it is difficult for an ordinary reader to tell where Stevenson left off and his successor began. The present story gives some figure sketches of French prisoners in a Scotch town, and treats delicately certain social complications which follow. It has quite as much literary distinction of manner as any of its author's books, but is far inferior to most of them in dramatic and plot interest.

Westminster Abbey: A Short History and Description of the Church and Conventual Buildings, with Notes on the Monuments. By Charles Hiatt. Illustrated. George Bell, London, England. 5×7½ in. 143 pages.

The latest volume in Bell's "Cathedral Series," fully illustrated. It puts into the hands of readers, in a condensed form, the story of the Abbey and a description of its architecture within and without, with lists of its monuments, an account of Henry VII.'s Chapel and of the Conventual Buildings.

When Love is King. By W. Dudley Mabry. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 431 pages. $1.50.

A story of much plot and sensational character, the burden of which is the hypocrisy of a minister of the Gospel who halts not at any crime in the decalogue, provided he can conceal his part in it. The story has no art of construction, while its social tone is commonplace and its outlook meager and provincial.

William Black, Novelist. By Wemyss Reid. Harper & Bros., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 353 pages. $2.25, net.

While it is true that William Black's novels, even before his death, had lost the remarkable vogue which attended the publication of his best, and earlier, stories, yet they continue to be read to some extent. And of the great world of novel-readers there are many thousands who remember the keen pleasure derived from the first reading of "A Daughter of Heth," "The Adventures of a Phaeton," "A Princess of Thule," and "Madcap Violet." These books were so clean in thought, so honest in sentiment, often so poetical, that it is not necessary to claim that Black was one of the permanently great masters of fiction to show that he deserved the appreciation he so liberally received. One feels, also, in his literary work the presence of a cheerful, amiable, fine-natured man, and Mr. Reid's biography brings this man clearly before us. He loved many friends and was beloved greatly by them; his humor bubbles up constantly in the letters here quoted; his life had many incidents which, if not dramatic, are certainly interesting; his love of nature is as obvious in his life as in his books. Mr. Wemyss Reid has told the story with taste and judgment, and his book deserves reading if it were only for its entertaining qualities. Anecdotes of Bret Harte, Mary Anderson, and others of Mr. Black's friends add much to this side of the book. We may quote the biographer's estimate of his friend's personal qualities. William Black, was, says Mr. Reid, "one of the most chivalrous of human souls, a man who looked upon the world and all things in it from a standpoint of his own, and for many a long year seemed to those admitted to his friendship to be the very standard of manly honor, tenderness, and good faith."

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Works of Shakespeare (The). Tragedy of Julius Cæsar. Edited by Michael Macmillan. The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 6×8¾ in. 179 pages.

This volume is uniform with other plays recently published under the general editorship of Mr. Dowden. The size of the book, type, and text-page are well chosen, and the book is most satisfactory for convenience and ease in reading. The notes are abundant and the introduction is a thorough and scholarly piece of work. We shall speak of the Dowden Shakespeare as a whole at a later date.

Writer of Attic Prose (A). By Isaac Flagg. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7 in. 221 pages. $1.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Our pastor recently stated from the pulpit that Professor Harnack some time since, in reviewing his work, had discovered he had made a mistake, and, on re-investigation of the whole subject, he discovered he had made several mistakes. That in his first utterances he had cut out much of the Bible, telling us what was fact and what was myth, and, in the judgment of himself (Professor Harnack) and many of the higher critics, had completely revolutionized the chronology of the Bible; but that when his eyes were opened and he discovered his mistakes, he confessed them, and for the past two or three years has been endeavoring to counteract the influences which he had put in operation. Please say how radical has been the change in the Professor's views. Does he now accept the Bible as *literally inspired throughout*, and hold it essential for a Christian to so accept it?

T. R. B.

If you have correctly reported your pastor's statement, he is seriously misinformed. The approximation that Professor Harnack in his "History of Ancient Christian Literature" has made to traditional beliefs is in affirming that the early dates which they assign to the New Testament books are mainly reliable, and that these books themselves are veracious records. Professor Harnack is very far from accepting the traditional theory of inspiration, and, as Professor Bacon said in his review of Harnack's book (in The Outlook for May 8, 1897), the attempt to find in it the confession of a converted critic is ludicrous.

Can you give me information concerning the American Purity League? Just what is the nature of the organization and where is its headquarters?

B.

The objects of the American Purity Alliance (formerly the New York Committee for the Prevention of State Regulation of Vice) "are the repression of vice, the prevention of its regulation by the State, the better protection of the young, the rescue of the fallen, the extension of the White Cross among men, and to maintain the law of purity as equally binding upon men and women." Its headquarters are at 20 Vesey Street, New York. Its official organ is "The Philanthropist," a quarterly magazine, at 50 cents a year.

Please give me your interpretation of Christ's parable [of the Unmerciful Servant] in Matthew xviii., 21–35. I am aware of the fact that the parables are interpreted by some scholars as illustrating a single truth, and at the same time containing detai's which are not illustrative of this truth and may be even contradictory in appearance, but which are simply a part of the complete story told for the sake of its one illustrative detail. But the difficulty here is that it is almost impossible to separate the personality of the king and God; and, moreover, the lesson drawn is: "So shall also my heavenly Father do unto you. . . ." If you can show me how the dealings of the heavenly Father are made clear in this parable of our Lord's, I shall be grateful.

O. D. W.

Of course the analogy between human and divine government, here expressed by the word "*so*," can only be of the most general character. The judgment given by the king, if expressed in the most general terms, amounts to this: The man who insists on law instead of grace shall have law and no grace. This is true also in the moral order of the universe under the divine government. "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured unto you," holds good in the long run. As related to God, the ungracious, unforgiving, relentless man has disqualified and disabled himself for experiencing the graciousness of God. So long as he persists in his evil spirit God must leave him to experience the evil of it.

In the Lord's Prayer, in Matthew vi., the words in verse 13, "For thine is the kingdom," etc., are omitted in the Revised Version, and do not appear in Luke xi., 2. Are they spurious, and if so is it known when they came into the text, and under what influences?

O. G. G.

The most ancient manuscripts do not contain the doxology with which the Lord's Prayer is closed. It was certainly not a part of the Prayer that Jesus phrased. It is believed to have been a very early liturgical addition, perhaps as early as the fourth century.

Can you refer me to any pamphlet in which the obligation of church members to give adequate support to their own church is brought out clearly? A pamphlet that may be distributed in quantity is what I would like to procure.

E. W. A.

We would be pleased to learn of the existence in a small leaflet of such a presentation of this subject as we have once or twice seen in the religious journals.

The answer to "E.'s" query, April 26, concerning the usage in Episcopal churches of bowing at the name of Jesus, has elicited various letters from correspondents wishing to supplement that answer. The points thus added are, that while the origin of the practice is not a matter of precise record, it is generally referred to the period of the Arian heresy in the fourth century as an orthodox mode of repudiating all denial of Christ's divinity. This was only in reciting the creed. Bowing in the recital of the Gloria is less ancient and less frequent. The usage is not obligatory, and many Episcopalians do not conform to it. One correspondent says that Bishop Brooks never did. Nevertheless it is commended as a custom of immemorial antiquity.

As to the origin of the name "Christian," H. B. R. asks if it is correct to refer it to a divine revelation, as is done in the Sunday-school lesson printed April 26 in the New York "Times." It is not correct, but a mistranslation of the Greek verb translated "called" in Acts xi., 26. Thayer's Greek-English Lexicon of the New Testament is conclusive of the meaning of that passage as correctly given in the common version. The name "Christian" was probably first applied to the disciples of Jesus by their heathen neighbors.

The poem asked for by "G.,"

> "Though I am poor and cannot buy
> The rare, time-mellowed things of art,"

is by Maurice Thompson, and may be found on page 52 of his "Poems" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1892).

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Correspondence

Was It Ecclesiastical Bullying?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Will you kindly permit me, as a member of the New York Presbytery and one who had some share in the examination of the candidate referred to in your article on "Ecclesiastical Bullying" in The Outlook of April 26, a word or two in reply?

No fair-minded man who heard the examination or who has been present on similar occasions in the Presbytery could for a moment justify your assertion that a graduate of any seminary but Union would have met with no difficulty. Any candidate avowing the views to which this one clearly gave expression, no matter where he came from, if he had been an angel from heaven, would have met with similar treatment. The utmost consideration was shown to him by those who dissented from his views. The motion which you commend—"to refer the matter to the Committee"—was made by one of the acknowledged exponents of conservative views and a Director in Princeton Theological Seminary.

It is quite easy to call names, and "bullying" and "heckling" are doubtless sins against the brethren, as some of us realize who have been well "heckled" by The Outlook, lo, these many years.

In common fairness, however, ought it not to be remembered that it is the bounden duty of the Presbytery by strict examination to satisfy itself as to the knowledge and soundness in the faith of every candidate? The Presbytery sought with the utmost care to ascertain exactly what the candidate's views really were, and, so far as words can convey thought, they involved and expressed a view of the inspiration of the Scriptures which, in the judgment of many—probably the majority of the Presbytery—is wholly inconsistent with the candidate's subscription to the Confession of Faith, and which has been declared so over and over again by the highest authority recognized in the law of the Church. It was partly with the feeling that the Presbytery did not wish to act in haste or unjustly that postponement was had. It remains to be seen whether The Outlook knows the mind of the Presbytery well enough to predict that it will overrule all opposition and accept him without further controversy. One of the Professors in Union Seminary closed the debate with this significant declaration, to which he called special attention: "There will be no peace in this Presbytery until our rights under the Confession of Faith are fully conceded." This can only mean the right to hold and teach views as to the authority of Scripture which the great majority of the Presbyterian Church regard as false and dangerous in themselves, and clearly beyond the reasonable liberty of those who solemnly subscribe to the Confession of Faith. That this is not merely the hobby of a little clique of "ecclesiastical bullies" witness the following, unanimously adopted by the General Assembly of 1899 in the McGiffert case (Minutes, pp. 97–98):

"To hold that the Holy Scriptures are in any respect historically inaccurate is to oppose the teaching of the Confession, Chap. I., Sec. 4, which declares that 'the authority of the Holy Scriptures, for which it ought to be believed and obeyed, dependeth wholly upon God, the author thereof; and therefore it is to be received because it is the Word of God.' . . .

"And this Assembly enjoins upon all Sessions and Presbyteries loyally to defend and protect these fundamental doctrines of this Confessional Church."

Is The Outlook prepared to denounce this solemn declaration, made *nemine contradicente* by the highest court of our Church, as "ecclesiastical bullying"?

JOHN FOX.

[It is right and proper to say here that every statement made by The Outlook concerning either the candidate or the Presbytery was derived at first hand from a non-partisan source within the Presbytery itself; and also that those statements have since received unqualified indorsement from the same authority.—THE EDITORS.]

The Chinese Question

To the Editors of The Outlook:

"The Chinese Question in California," as represented by Mr. Charles H. Shinn in his letter to The Outlook, is hardly fair

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to the people of California or the Pacific coast. "The present anti-Chinese sentiment in California," he says, "is one of the most remarkable instances of the endurance of a race prejudice long after the conditions under which it arose have passed away."

It is only fair to say that race prejudice is not the ground of opposition to Chinese immigration in California. The old cry "The Chinese must go" is not the slogan of to-day. The relations between the Chinese residing here and the whites are amicable. The arguments for exclusion are based on industrial and economic grounds. Thousands of white laborers have a grievance against cheap coolie contract labor, with which they are unable to compete in the field of practical industry. This is notably true of seafaring trades, cooks and waiters, laundry workers, cloak and garment makers. Most of the ladies' garments sold on the Pacific coast are made in Chinatown, San Francisco, at a cost which makes competition impossible. The Chinese are non-assimilative, and, unlike other immigrants, live in colonies, return with their fortunes to China, and never become identified with American institutions and customs. The people of California are forced to the adoption of a protective measure in defense of their own rights and interests. The re-enactment of the Geary Bill, with its generous recognition of the exempt classes, would be entirely satisfactory. The bill was satisfactory to China. The laboring classes are naturally enthusiastic advocates of exclusion. Corporations who care more for cheap labor than American wages, vineyardists and orchardists who may have a real demand for Chinese labor, and some sentimentalists who advance the argument of mere good will and brotherhood regardless of hard facts, oppose exclusion. The exclusion of Chinese coolies is not a matter of race prejudice nor religion, nor commerce between the two countries, which, by the way, has steadily increased under the Geary Law, but it is a simple matter of protection to American interests and justice to American laborers.

"In California," says Mr. Shinn, "few public men or newspapers even pretend to discuss Chinese restriction as if there could be two sides to it, but what the great middle class, who are neither laborers nor politicians (nor to any great extent employers) think on the subject will in the end find expression." If the advocates of exclusion have imagined this discussion to be one-sided, it is because the other side has not made itself heard. An almost united press has favored exclusion in some form. At the great Chinese exclusion convention held in San Francisco three thousand delegates, representing the State, county, and city governments and industrial and civic organizations of the State, unanimously recommended the re-enactment of the Geary Law, which is all the people here really expect from Congress. Public opinion, including the so-called middle class, strongly favors exclusion, not because of race prejudice, but for reasons economic, American, moral, and righteous. WILLIAM RADER.

San Francisco, Cal.

The Press and Political Reforms

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I am greatly pleased to note that you called attention in such a vigorous way to the meager despatches sent out by the Associated Press on the important matters voted upon at the late election in Chicago. You are undoubtedly aware of the reason for such suppression or perversion of important matters, but you gave no hint of such knowledge in your article. The monopoly and tax-dodging interests of the country control and color the news given to the people through the Associated Press. It is the policy of these interests to keep the people as much as possible in ignorance of sentiment in favor of tax reform, primary election reform, municipal ownership, the referendum, and to mislead the people in regard to the progress of these reforms, because all these things look towards shearing these interests of municipal rights belonging to the people. They wish to make much of the failure of "reform" and to minimize attempts at cleaner politics; hence we get a half-column on the victory of "Bathhouse" John and three lines on the overwhelming victory for reform in Chicago on election day.

Another matter in regard to the late election in Chicago. It is possible that you feel as do many other good people respecting some of the "yellow" journalism of the Chicago "American," yet I think

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that we ought to be fair enough to recognize the great work which that paper did in the late campaign for the cause of genuine reform; and I should like to see you give it the credit it deserves. In my opinion, it deserves a great deal of credit, perhaps more than any other agency, for the grand result. ISAAC PETERSON.

Minneapolis, Minn.

[The New York "Journal" was the only morning paper in this city which printed a fair report of the results of the Chicago election. We agree with our correspondent that the "yellow" journals should be given their due.—THE EDITORS.]

Cruelty in War

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In The Outlook of April 19 you allude to the acts of cruelty with which certain soldiers and officers of our army in the Philippines are charged as "the inevitable regrettable incidents which accompany the imposition of any government, however rightful, by force." May we not rather speak of them as the natural and inevitable outcome of the use of force, as exhibited in the present war?

Some of the methods recently revealed to the public as practiced by our army have startled and shocked us, much as, four years ago, in the words of President McKinley, Spain's "cruel, barbarous, and uncivilized practices of warfare shocked the sensibilities and offended the humane sympathies of our people." But they take us by surprise only because, so unconsciously have we drifted into our present position, we have not recognized what kind of warfare this is that we are waging. It was stated the other day by General Hughes that this cannot be called a civilized war, and uncivilized warfare necessitates uncivilized methods, such as tend to brutalize both officers and men.

In October, 1900, General Chaffee, in reprimanding two officers court-martialed for torturing Philippine prisoners, spoke of their act as "not only criminal in its effects under the laws of war, but in remote consequences calculated to inflict permanent injury upon the essential interests of the Nation and to cast unwarrantable aspersion upon the reputation of the United States army for sentiments of honor and humanity." Such cases as that testified to by Sergeant Riley are, it is devoutly to be hoped, sporadic, or at best infrequent. And yet it is not inconceivable that an army which has made campaigns with the result of "one hundred thousand inhabitants perished by war, disease, and starvation" (see report of the Governor of Batangas), and has converted whole provinces into howling wildernesses, might become hardened to the use of torture, not wantonly, but as a "war measure."

General Smith, in the Manila "Critic" of February 1, says, in reference to his Samar and Leyte campaign: "Only the fire and sword policy could succeed in bringing this people to understand that they must come under the absolute and complete control of the United States." And this policy, revolting as it is, may perhaps not without reason be regarded by the authorities as the only one by which a foreign sovereignty can be forced upon "a people striving to be free."

But is it not the very irony of fate that the burning words of Mr. McKinley, in reference to a war the inhumane methods of which he set forth as our justification for taking arms against Spain, are to-day applicable to a war undertaken by us with a humane purpose and with every intention of conducting it humanely?

In his message to Congress (April 11, 1898) the President reminds this country that it has "seen the fertile domain at our threshold ravaged by fire and sword in the course of a struggle rarely paralleled as to the numbers of the combatants and the bitterness of the contest by any revolution of modern times where a dependent people, striving to be free, have been opposed by the power of the sovereign state." And, after describing the "fields laid waste, mills destroyed, dwellings burned, people perishing by tens of thousands from hunger and destitution," he calls upon the country, "in the name of humanity, in the name of civilization," to put a stop to the war.

The failure of our efforts, through mediation, to bring about peace "on the basis of some effective scheme of self-government" are attributed by Mr. McKinley to "the refusal of the Spanish Government to consider any plan of settlement which did not begin with the actual submission of the insurgents to the mother country, and then only on such terms as Spain herself might see fit to grant."

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"The fire of insurrection," he further says, "may flame or smolder with varying seasons, but it has not been and it is plain that it cannot be extinguished by present methods. Short of subjugation or extermination, a final military victory for either side seems impracticable. The alternative lies in the physical exhaustion of the one or the other party. . . . The prospect of such a protraction and conclusion of the present strife is a contingency hardly to be contemplated by the civilized world."

And even should we succeed, by such means and at such terrible cost of suffering, bloodshed, and moral deterioration to ourselves, in bringing about the end in view—so-called pacification—will the "fire of insurrection" be permanently extinguished? Is it not possible to institute, without further delay, a more thorough and permanent "pacification," by taking into our counsel representatives of the Philippine people, and together with them devising some such peaceful "plan of settlement" as we formerly urged upon Spain? May it not be that such action on our part would render unnecessary any further use of military force against the people whose welfare, as we have often asserted, was our only motive for undertaking the Philippine war? **

The Berkshire Industrial Farm

To the Editors of The Outlook:

At a recent meeting at the home of Mrs. Dorman B. Eaton in the interest of this institution, a very sympathetic group of listeners welcomed Mrs. Mayo, wife of the Superintendent, Mr. David Willard, Principal of the Tombs Prison School, and the Rev. Arthur Lawrence, D.D., of Stockbridge.

Mrs. Mayo, after a brief explanation of the methods and government of the farm, gave us the story of several typical boys. One of these was leader of a city "gang," one the cherished son of a clergyman. Almost invariably the first problem is the bitter resentment and rebellion against the necessarily severe discipline and restraint. One very attractive but wayward newcomer attempted in this mood, with another boy, to burn an important building. Though the disaster was averted, those in authority decided that so serious an offense must be dealt with by the law. But a member of the Board of Associate Managers pleaded for him. He remained, accepted and honorably paid a heavy fine of mills, his own earnings in the farm currency, became a trustworthy inmate, cadet, and was recently graduated with credit. Systematic work awakens a bitter hatred hard to overcome, but in most cases it is finally recognized as inevitable, faced courageously, and its results proudly welcomed. The farm bell, which counts the hours of ever changing duties and brief recreations, rings the "Gospel of Labor" as truly as Dr. van Dyke's "Bells of the Kirk," while the religious teaching that comes in each day's round of toil uplifts it, as does the example of the brave "Workers."

"The Workers" is the farm name for all subordinate officials. Dr. Lawrence paid a cordial tribute to their unselfish devotion, their cheerful content with the obscure and toilsome life they have chosen. The cook is a hero. An intelligent and sympathetic teacher of boys, he renounced that more congenial position because he saw how difficult it was to secure the right person for this important duty. Maintaining an excellent standard of diet, he greatly reduced the expenses, training the boys who helped him in his methods and in his own high ideals of character.

Mr. Willard, with many skillful touches of humor, told us of his work for boys, illustrating the environment, the heredity, the lack of parental discipline which must so often produce the capricious, idle, or criminal boy, who needs the help and restraint to be found only in such an institution. Having awakened a deep interest in one of his "incorrigibles," he adroitly said, "Mrs. Mayo will tell us the rest of Frank's story." She promptly responded with a vivid picture of an honest, wholesome boy, content with his homely tasks, proud of his thrifty cows and calves, and considered "absolutely reliable."

Dr. Lawrence spoke with much grace and earnestness of the work he knows so well, commending it without reserve to all who would see it extended. I wish in his very words the reader could have his clear picture of the exceptional natural charm and wholesomeness of the farm site. Mr. Burnham's friends all regret that his modesty has allowed this ideal gift to bear

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any name but his own. Mrs. Mayo had already told us how indifferent most of the boys were at first to this charm, yet how many of them learned to love and prize it.

The cottage built through the assistance of The Christian Union still fills its needed place. May the wider circle of the readers and admirers of The Outlook respond as generously to the ever-increasing claims of to-day. All gifts may be sent to Mr. Robert Carter, the Treasurer, at Morristown, N. J. A. C. P.

About Mexicans

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The statement that "Mexicans never sing," made in "Modern Mexico and Its Capital," as published in The Outlook of March 22, is without foundation and not worthy of notice; but some young Mexicans have read the article with so much indignation that I have decided to enter my protest against the misstatement. Mexicans do sing. Many sing, with pleasure to themselves and their listeners, in Spanish, French, and Italian.

The children sing at home and in school. Servants are much given to singing while at work—not always to the pleasure of their mistresses.

There is a *Conservatorio Nacional de Música*, where singing is taught as well as instrumental music. There is a fine concert hall, and nearly fifteen hundred pupils have lessons annually. There are excellent private teachers, as is natural in a city of music-lovers, to say nothing of foreign colonies.

As to the paragraph on revolutions, can your correspondent name a single instance in which President Diaz sent or "sends his soldiers, and the revolutionists and sometimes their entire community are promptly annihilated, and the outside world none the wiser"?

In a previous article published in The Outlook your correspondent made some unfortunate statements. One gave to one author the credit of writing "A Través de los Siglos." The work comprises five large volumes by different Mexican historians. The gentleman he mentioned is author of Vol. I.

After living in the country nearly nine years, it hurts me to read nearly every week something showing lack of seeing beneath the surface and calculated to embitter the people against the United States at a time when both countries are trying to become closer friends.

City of Mexico. C. B. M.

Wade Hampton

To the Editors of The Outlook:

As a Southern man, who served in the Confederate army from beginning to end of the war, in Wheeler's Cavalry, I thank you with all my heart for your beautiful allusion to our beloved and peerless Hampton. It is just such noble and generous expressions of appreciation of true nobility by the good, patriotic, and intelligent people of the North that has done so much towards obliterating sectional animosity and brought about the pleasant feelings that now exist between the once dissevered and discordant sections. J. P. H.

Georgetown, S. C.

Book-Making Again

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I sympathize with your correspondent "R. L. D." in what he has to say in The Outlook of March 1 as to the matter of publishing books with the *edges uncut*, while I agree with you that in some cases it may be preferable to have the leaves untrimmed.

But another usage of the book publishers seems to me much more objectionable; that is the custom of so printing and binding books as to make the inner margin of the page so narrow that the first or last words of every line are almost lost to sight, unless one spreads the pages so wide apart as to threaten the back of the book with rupture, or make it a matter of tiresome exertion to hold the volume for continuous reading. Especially is this the case when the book is a thick and heavy one. I have some books in my library which I read less than I should like to do on this account. I would rather have the pages so arranged that the outer margin should be narrowed and the inner be made wider. E.

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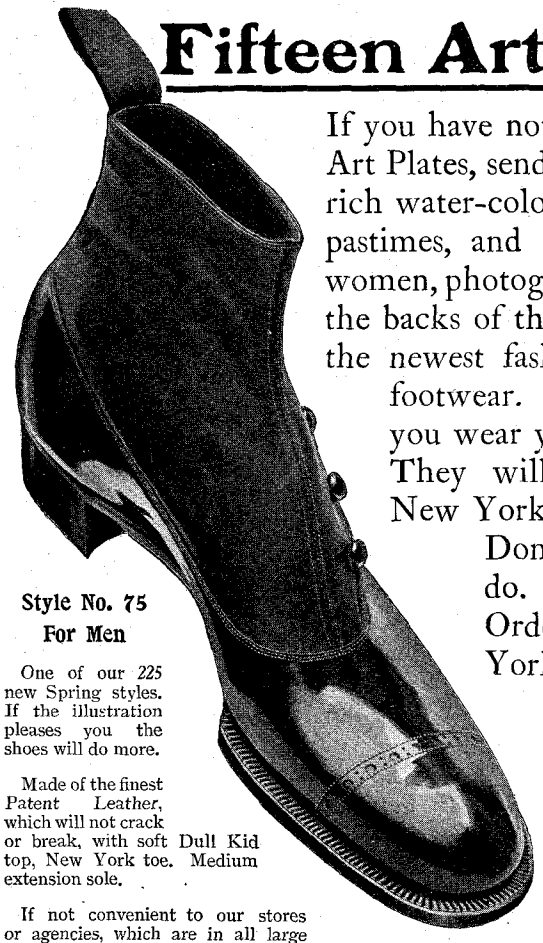

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The surface showing on the Cliff is better than on the United Verde, and the gossan cap covering it—the reliable indication of copper underneath—is the largest in the world. Professor Treadwell has always believed that the Cliff would prove a better mine than the United Verde, and his prediction is coming true.

The Cliff is only one of many mines in the Verde Belt that are owned by the Treadwell Company. The Brookshire tunnel, from which copper water is already flowing so strong that the miners have to wear rubber gloves to protect themselves from it, is likely to strike in about four hundred feet more a deposit just as good as the Cliff. The Iron Queen is little, if any, behind the Cliff and Brookshire in importance, and numerous other mines owned by the Company have just as good surface showings and only need development to prove their values.

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A family in Iowa Park, Texas, furnishes a good illustration. The mother says, "I want to tell you what happened in our family when we left off coffee and took up Postum. About eight months ago we made the change. I had been, for quite a while, troubled with rheumatism in my right hip and shoulder, swimming of the head, and fluttering of the heart, so I thought I had heart trouble.

Sometimes in walking my head would swim so that I would be obliged to sit down. I had other disagreeable feelings I cannot describe, but they will be readily understood by coffee drinkers if they will confess it.

My family were also more or less ill and were all coffee drinkers. Well, we gave up the coffee and started in on Postum Food Coffee; husband, myself, and four children. Even the two year old baby (she had been puny since having the grip) had her coffee along with the rest of the family. When we made the change to Postum she began to fatten and now is perfectly healthy and fat as a pig.

My boys, ten and twelve years of age, are so stout and muscular that people remark about them and ask what makes them so. I do not have any more trouble with rheumatism or with my head, neither does my husband, who was troubled much in the same way. We are all in better health every way than we have been before in years and we are always glad of an opportunity to recommend Postum. I hope what I have said will lead others to make the change." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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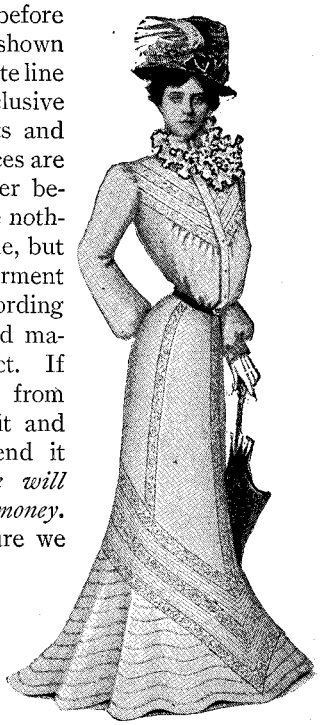

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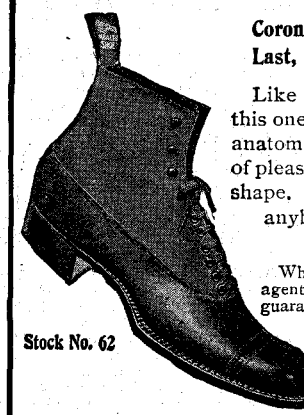

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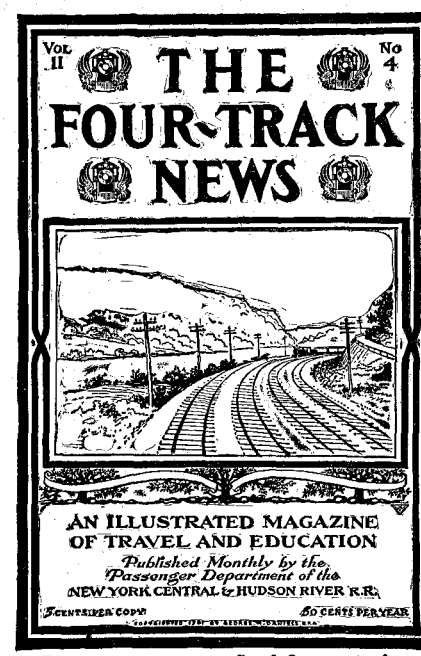
Vol. II
No 4
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Doubly Efficient in Rheumatism and Gout, and an Important Corrective of Digestive Failures.

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These tickets will bear the usual Summer excursion limit of October 31, 1902.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Summer Excursion Route Book for 1902 will be issued, as heretofore, on June 1.

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